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TREASON HAS RAISED ITS HOARY HEAD in Washington, where it is openly muttered that President Coolidge's utterances on the question of tax legislation and tax reduction have "put the gang in bad" by his use of the word rebate. How can you defend an income-tax "rebate" when there happen to be seven corporations whose profits this year will be more than one billion dollars that would thereby receive a nice little gift of ten to fifteen millions of dollars which they do not need and had never expected or asked for; when out of $250,000,000 you propose to return $200,000,000 to corporations and individuals having an income of more than $50,000? Eighty per cent of the distribution would thus go to 1 per cent of the taxpayers. With these facts revealed it is not surprising that the President's choice of words has been criticized as very unfortunate. The Treasury is much more tactful in suggesting a "credit" on the first two income-tax payments of next year or a "six months' tax reduction." The big corporation pals of Coolidge and Mellon would get the swag just the same, but for heaven's sake, Why give it away by calling it a rebate? ask the embattled insiders in Washington. What is worse, the National Association of Manufacturers, representing twenty powerful business organizations, isn't satisfied with the rebate, but is supporting the Democratic leaders by demanding a revising downward of the entire tax schedule. The United States Chamber of Commerce, too, wishes no rebates, but a complete overhauling of the tax situation. Secretary Mellon, who has never failed to guess from $300,000,000 to $500,000,000 out of the way in his annual forecasts of our national income, is still so uncertain about his outcome and outgo that he wishes the present rates continued.

SENATOR BORAH has a way of expressing American idealism reminiscent of the best days of Woodrow Wilson. His recent address on China before the National Council of Jewish Women was a stirring challenge:

> The nation [he said] which . . . invokes the brutal policy of force in China will be the deliberate assassin of justice in the Orient for decades and decades. It will dedicate that land to misery and bloodshed for years to come, and in the end it will settle nothing. Force never does. . . . China may furnish the acid test of whether the world has been converted to justice or whether it proposes to retain the barbarous creed of force.

What a stinging answer to the timid pessimism of Silas Strawn, American delegate to the Extraterritoriality Conference, who has been telling his audiences that since China is in civil war America must stand with the Western Powers and refuse to remedy the crying abuses of the unequal treaties. Mr. Strawn's policy of doing nothing now is a herald of the gunboat policy tomorrow. Our gunboats indeed already line the Yangtze, in silent defense of an unjustifiable *status quo*. Will not the State Department heed the warning?

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY at its worst is again uppermost in the conduct of our relations with Latin America. Our immediate recognition of Adolfo Diaz as President of Nicaragua, following his election by the Nicaraguan Congress, ended our long and quixotic course in refusing to acknowledge the regime of General Chamorro because it was based upon a coup d'etat. Such refusal was logical under our announced policy in Central America, but it went against the grain, because Chamorro was a Conservative and friendly toward the business interests of the United States. The outcome illustrates how impossible it is to carry out fairly a policy of refusing recognition to governments in Central America other than those which we regard as constitutionally elected. For it is a question whether Vice-President Sacasa, who did not resign but was forced to flee the country when Chamorro seized power, is not more constitutionally entitled to the presidency than Diaz. And who is Diaz? He is none other than the man who was made President of Nicaragua in 1911 by grace of our Department of State and the initiation of a policy which led to the occupation of the republic for thirteen years by our Marine Corps. Previous to his elevation to the presidency Diaz had been an employee of a United States mining corporation at Bluefields at $1,000 a year. He was not known to have other resources, yet he lent to the revolutionary movement behind him no less than $600,000.


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AND WHAT DOES DIAZ, puppet and tool of the government and business interests of the United States, do as soon as he is recognized as President by Washington? He promptly asks for the return to Nicaragua of military forces from the United States in order to sustain him in office, indicating that his government, which we rushed to recognize, is no more established *de facto* than it is *de jure*. More mischievous still, Diaz complains that his adversaries are receiving assistance and inspiration from Mexico, thus opening the way for Secretary Kellogg to renew his quarrel with the Calles Government. That quarrel was dropped some months back simply because the sharp religious issue in Mexico made Washington feel that it was expedient to do so. To have continued to hound President Calles when under attack by the Roman Catholic church would have seemed to Protestants in this country too much like giving aid and comfort to the Pope. Now that the religious issue has subsided Mr. Kellogg leaps at the chance of resuming his attack on the ground that Mexico is trying to bolshevize the republics to the south. A great to-do has been started against an alleged "red drive" to capture Central America. Proof so far is lacking, but supposing the charge were true, who gave Uncle Sam any more right to interfere in Central America than Mexico has?

> WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—Private advices received here indicate that, with the revolt of the Yaqui Indians still out of control, revolutionary movements of consequence are springing up in other parts of Mexico. General Gallegos surrendered unconditionally to President Calles the other day, but several other "generals" are reported in revolt. . . . Private dispatches received by banking circles in Washington today were to the effect that Chihuahua and Durango would be in revolt within thirty days.

VERY SIGNIFICANT, we call this dispatch from the New York *World's* Washington Bureau. "Banking circles in Washington" expect rebellions in Chihuahua and Durango within thirty days. When people know of revolutions ahead of time they are usually part of the plot. Who are these "banking circles in Washington" that are plotting against our neighbor Mexico? It seems to us the duty of the *World*, which has played an honorable part in the struggle for decency toward Mexico, to expose and denounce the sources of information of its Washington bureau.

OF THE VARIOUS PROPOSALS for saving the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti one of the best is the demand for a Congressional investigation. It is useless now to hope for anything from Judge Thayer. His latest decision proved that his mind was closed and prejudiced; his value as a judge is over. An appeal from Judge Thayer's ruling is now before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, but that tribunal can pass only on the legal correctness of Judge Thayer's action; it cannot consider on their merits the reasons for a new trial. The suggestion of the Boston *Herald* that Governor Fuller appoint an extra-legal committee to study the case and make recommendations is excellent, as it would relieve him of the charge of acting under radical pressure, but Governor Fuller's only power in the circumstances is that of pardon—which ought to be a last recourse. Congress, of course, has no authority over the judicial machinery of Massachusetts, but in the interest of our federal administration as well as that of common fairness to two condemned men it ought to lay bare the sinister part taken by the Department of Justice, former agents of which have sworn that, in spite of a prevailing opinion in the Boston bureau that Sacco and Vanzetti had no connection with the Dedham murders, the bureau nevertheless assisted in, if it did not instigate, the prosecution as "one way of disposing of" two undesirable radicals. In the face of the legalized official conspiracy against Sacco and Vanzetti, it is pathetic to hear the president of the New York Bar Association protesting because the Harvard Law School has revived the statement made in 1905 by William Howard Taft that "the administration of the criminal law of the United States is a disgrace to civilization." It is more than that; it is a swindle and a perversion of justice.

THE SETTLEMENT between the International Ladies' Garment Workers and the "inside manufacturers" has brought near to an end the longest, costliest, and most violent strike in the history of the needle trades in New York. It was also, generally speaking, an unsuccessful strike. The union, having rejected the report of Governor Smith's commission even as a basis for negotiations, called out 30,000 men and women to fight for a set of demands on which in the end they were forced to compromise. The vice-president of the union, summarizing the terms of the settlement at a meeting of shop chairmen, said: "We had to accept reorganization. That was a defeat. On hours it was compromise. We gained the right to organize examine. We lost the designers. We lost on time guaranties." The union also won in the matter of wages, an increase of from $2 to $4 over the advanced rates suggested in the Governor's report. The "reorganization" referred to gives the employer a right to discharge up to 10 per cent of his force in a year. This is a serious blow to the union, which, for sixteen years, has been able to enforce a system of practically permanent tenure for its members. The forty-hour week was won for the future. During the next two years it will be fixed at forty-two, dropping to forty the third year. The strikers were also defeated on their demands for a guaranty of thirty-six weeks of work or pay during the year. The union is now faced with the difficult task of winning an agreement from the jobbers, who control the output of 70 per cent of the cloakmakers through innumerable small, fly-by-night manufacturers. Whatever its final effect may be, the struggle has been a valiant one. The workers who held out through twenty weeks against violence and judicial discrimination, and those who are still on strike, deserve continued support until the settlements are completed and the busy season opens.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE of New York honored itself two weeks ago in bestowing upon Miss Emily Howland the degree of Doctor of Letters. On the 20th of November Miss Howland celebrated her one-hundredth birthday. "A central New York school teacher," a dispatch declared her to be. She has been and is far more than that. Born a Quaker and true to that noble faith all her life, Miss Howland was one of the pioneers in teaching the Negro at a time when to do so one courted mob violence and, in Southern States, long terms of punishment. During the Civil War she took charge of one of the great camps for freed slaves and from that day to this has supported Negro education everywhere by her precept, her example, her large and generous financial gifts.

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Side by side with this great service she fought for woman suffrage and temperance; her one great cause today is that of peace. At her great age she still manages two farms and a school and is a director in a bank. Best of all, her soul is as young and forward looking as ever. When the degree was conferred upon her on October 28, a similar honor was bestowed upon Dr. Frank Sheldon Fosdick, for fifty years a teacher in Buffalo schools and the father of Raymond and the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick. By a happy choice the latter was asked to make the address upon this rare occasion. Among other things he said that:

> The end of all true education is to produce genuinely independent individuals capable of taking intelligent charge of their own lives. There can have been in history few times when an independent minority was more deeply needed than now—men and women who dare to think their own thoughts, stand on their own feet, take charge of their own lives. We need men and women who know that the economic order cannot remain as it is, that we must look forward to a more decent day when the profit motive sinks and the service motive rises into the ascendancy; men and women who see that a narrow nationalism will not do, that patriotism is not enough.

Dr. Fosdick must have had Emily Howland in mind as well as in sight.

Senator Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota, the lone Farmer-Labor member of the Senate, announced that he expected at an early date to hold a caucus with himself at which he would work out his program for the Seventieth Congress.—Press item.

FELLOW Progressives, Henriks all,
Let's do a little talking.
This is the time, in dreary fall,
When parties all are caucing.

And to our caucus I'll expound
Each Farmer-Labor tenet,
For I'm the leader well-renowned
Of my party in the Senate.

We'll fight the Court, the League, and all
Such frenzied superstitions.
We'll fight against our honest Cal
For uncoerced commissions.

We'll cringe to neither Dry nor Wet,
Nor patriot debater;
We'll recognize the Soviet,
Be nice to the Equator.

And Cal will ask us in to tea
And Mellon, out to dinner;
And we shall smirk with joy to see
Republicans grow thinner.

And Democrats will falsely smile
Or honestly look dour,
Because we still maintain, the while,
The balance of the power.

Fellow Progressives, let us all
Unite and act as one,
We'll answer to our country's call
And have a lot of fun.

I thank you for your patience, friends,
I love you as my life.
And now our party caucus ends
With no internal strife.

# Laurels for Age; Checks for Youth

WHEN Anatole France received the Nobel prize for literature in 1921 he is said to have remarked, "I need neither the money nor the fame." Kipling might have said the same with almost equal truth, and now Bernard Shaw, who has just been chosen for it, responds in a similar strain: "My readers and my audiences provide me with more than sufficient money for my needs; and as to my renown, it is greater than is good for my spiritual health. Under these circumstances the money is a life-belt thrown to a swimmer who has already reached the shore in safety. I therefore respectfully and gratefully beg the Swedish Royal Academy to confer on me the additional and final honor of classing my works in that respect *hors de concours.*"

These incidents are sufficient to raise once more the whole question of literary prizes, their purpose, and their usefulness. In the past the Nobel committee has been criticized for giving the prize to such people as Tagore, Heidenstam, and Benavente, while more distinguished writers were passed over, but there can, of course, be no such criticism here. Few will deny that the three men named above all "deserved" the prize. Many, in addition, will rejoice that it could be given to Shaw—to one whose opinions have been so divergent as were Shaw's, to one who, as late as 1914, courageously forfeited the measure of tolerance which he had won from the great public and began the struggle anew. And yet the sum involved, between thirty and forty thousand dollars, is too large to be wasted, and it is a pity that it should go, even occasionally, to those who have no possible need of it, when there are so many struggling writers to whom it might well make the difference between a life wasted in a continual battle with poverty and one devoted to the full development of a talent. There is, indeed, an initial confusion involved in the plan of the prize, since it fails to make any distinction between the occasions where homage and those where financial aid is appropriate. Honor belongs to those who have earned it; money to those who need it most. To age, secure in achievement, should go the laurel crown; to youth the check.

Shaw has agreed to accept the money temporarily, as otherwise there seemed to be no legal way of disposing of the cash. But he does not intend to retain it. He suggests that it be used to encourage "intercourse and understanding in literature and art between Sweden and the British Isles" and has proposed a fund to bring important Swedish books to England. It is true also that this is a fine gesture; but it was the intention of Alfred Nobel to encourage specific writers, and when Shaw gets the prize none is encouraged. Could not some arrangement be made by which the prize could be divided, the honor and the money going separately to those who deserve them most? Failing that, could not some American be found to offer a similar prize, not to the most distinguished but to the most promising writer, to the one whose work gave the best evidence that he could profit from the leisure which the prize would bring? For some reason, as yet unexplained, a man is the hardest "cause" to raise money for. We have now endowed "chairs" in plenty; why not also endowed men?

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# Long Service in Congress

THE death of Speaker Cannon brings to the front once more the special usefulness of the Congressman of long service. He may, like Mr. Cannon, be a reactionary and a whole-souled believer in government by, for, and with business, yet, if he is chosen from a safe Republican or Democratic district, he may become of special value merely by reason of his long residence in Washington. Speaker Cannon took his duties as a committee member very seriously; when it came to dealing with appropriations he was a veritable watch-dog of the Treasury. He, like Governor Smith in New York, had the business of the government at his fingers' ends, and his shrewd understanding of human nature helped him to gauge not only the necessity of the appropriations asked for but the reliability of the officials who came to ask for money. He once remarked, after such a session, that if the appropriations some bureaus had just asked for were to be granted the whole of the government's income would be used up. But he went on to say how much he liked the zeal of the petitioners, and how right it was that each one should think his work the most important undertaken by the government.

But if long service in Washington produces great familiarity with the workings of the political and governmental machine, our congressional system is none the less faulty and unfair. A good man from a closely contested district is likely to lose his seat at any time before he has acquired a valuable technique, or after he has made himself an authority. A Representative from a Southern State, or one from the heart of Republican Illinois, is certain to rise to a position of great committee influence, be he ever so lazy or lacking in ability, if his health is good. It is seniority which counts. On the other hand, it is almost impossible for a new man no matter how brilliant to make his mark at once. His speeches will not be reported unless they are sensational, and he counts for nothing in the committees until he has served several terms. In this respect, as in many others, the British Parliament is superior to our Congress. At Westminster a young man in his early twenties may make his mark at his first session and so focus attention upon himself as to compel his inclusion in the next cabinet. The younger Pitt did this at twenty-one and one-half years and Fox at nineteen; and in modern times Winston Churchill, who ranks now as probably the ablest debater in St. Stephen's, entered Parliament at twenty-six, made a name at once, and was in the ministry six years later. Long experience counts heavily there as well as in our Capitol. But for a new Congressman a career such as Churchill's is an impossibility. If his seat is safe he must none the less sit for years at the foot of committees and watch his elders and seniors decide party policies, and award, subject now to the budget, the various appropriations to the several departments of the government.

This is obviously in large measure due to our committee system. But it is also in considerable part due to that vicious unwritten law which requires that a Congressman shall be a resident of the district he is to represent. In England, as everybody knows, if a valuable member is defeated in one district a safe seat is found for him elsewhere. Here sectional feeling would, of course, prevent a Southerner's holding a Massachusetts seat in Congress, and vice versa. There ought, however, to be freedom of candidacy within a State such as New York. That would, for instance, give a Democrat who refused to bow the knee to Tammany Hall in New York City an opportunity to contest for a seat in some rural district, or some smaller city. As matters stand, if a man wishes a long congressional career, he must either become the henchman of a boss, as has Nicholas Longworth in Ohio, or, like Mr. Cannon, dwell in a State which is so overwhelmingly one-sided as to insure his return every two years. Plainly, the present situation limits severely the number of men among whom the wheel-horses of Congress must be found; it insures in most cases their being loyal and dull party henchmen.

The value of men of experience who have industry and a taste for details is enormous. New York has never had a Governor who so spent himself on the State's business as has "Al" Smith, and his extraordinary knowledge of every department of the State government has contributed greatly to his success. Similarly, in Washington Senator Wadsworth's coming departure from the Senate is an administrative loss—however one may feel about his politics a point of view—because he has mastered the technique his job after holding it for twelve years, and because personal tastes have made him an authority in several fields. It is rare, indeed, that a new Senator or Congressman takes his seat with such an extraordinary equipment for it as has the present Senator La Follette, whose years of close association with his father gave him a training that enabled him to perform valuable service from the day that he was sworn in. He is the exception. It takes the average new Representative or Senator years to become valuable even if he has ability. He must learn the ropes on the administrative side even though he may be able to shine soon through his oratorical ability.

It is, therefore, obvious that, if our Congress were entirely elected in close districts with much electoral mortality every second year, it would be a weaker and less useful body than at present. There would be few veterans with facts at their fingers' tips and with years and years of experience to enable them to direct the machinery of government over which the legislature exercises far closer supervision than is generally understood or appreciated. Of course, the veterans can abuse their power, and often do. Their very knowledge of the details may enable them to starve a bureau or sidetrack righteous projects, or to maneuver themselves into strategic positions in which they can take advantage of their knowledge to pull the wool over the eyes of those with less experience. In regarding Mr. Cannon's long career it must not be forgotten that he used his experience and parliamentary skill to throttle the House of Representatives, with the result that there ensued the fight against his rules—a really vital, stimulating, and worth-while fight at the time, even though in retrospect it seems less important. Parliamentary experience is thus easily subject to abuse; but its value in Washington is such that when men like Wadsworth are driven from office their contributions to the administrative side should not be overlooked in estimating their total value to the government and the people.

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# General Wood Plays Mussolini

LEONARD WOOD, by executive decree, has abolished the Insular Board of Control. As Governor General of the Philippines he has fought the board for six years; now suddenly, aided by the Attorney General's office in Washington, he has invented the power to abolish it. When Burton Harrison was Governor the Filipinos, eager to develop the islands with native capital, invested government funds in the Philippine National Bank, in sugar centrals, in development of coal mines, and in a cement plant. When General Wood toured the Philippines in 1920 he immediately deplored these sad examples of "state socialism." He took no note of the fact that Japan had built up her industries with government support, nor of government patronage of industrial development in various British colonies. But he met a snag in the Board of Control, which had power over these government industries. As Governor he became ex officio one of the three members of this board, but in his desire to "get the government out of business" he was in a minority of one. To the Filipino mind the alternative was subjection to American capital, always more interested in overseas profits than in development of the islands for the islanders. For six years Governor Wood, enthusiastically supported by the American business rests and ardently opposed by a solid Filipino phalanx, sought to take these enterprises away from the Philippine Government. Every decent method failed. So finally he has resorted to the good old technique of the Czar.

Opponents of Philippine independence talk much of the "separation of powers." President Coolidge, lecturing the last Independence Mission, seemed to make the "stable government" referred to in the Jones Act synonymous with separation of the functions of the legislative and the executive. It is doubtless true that in the Harrison period the Filipinos, acting through their Legislature, assumed a greater control of their government than Congress had contemplated. For our part, we honor them for so doing; we would despise any people which did not attempt constantly to encroach upon the powers of a dominant alien race. But surely if separation of powers means anything, it works two ways. By no possible interpretation of the law has Governor Wood, executive, the right to substitute himself for the courts and by executive decree declare legislative enactments unconstitutional; or suddenly to assume control of organizations created by the Legislature which have been functioning under its supervision for years. The courts are notoriously slow, but despite many sad disillusionments we still have faith enough to hope that the Filipinos will have recourse to them. Governor Wood's usurpation of power smashes the boundaries between legislative, executive, and judiciary as no act of the Filipinos has ever done. It is not administration.

For two decades we have been instilling into the Filipinos a respect for democracy and self-government. However blood-stained the origin of our rule, it compares favorably on the whole with that in neighboring colonies. There are, to be sure, some who argue that the Dutch, slower to develop schools and parliamentary institutions, have been wiser. The Javans, for instance, have clamored less for independence than have the Filipinos, but the recent bloody uprisings of the Javans might well serve as an object-lesson to these preachers of dictatorship.

# The Oath of Allegiance

STRANGE decisions are made in connection with naturalization. The United States has a body of law on the subject, and an imposing array of regulations has been issued under it by the Bureau of Naturalization of the Department of Labor, which for some years has been trying to establish a uniform administrative practice for all applicants. But in this country, contrary to prevailing foreign practice, the making of a citizen is not an administrative act. The Bureau of Naturalization conducts the preliminaries and makes recommendations for or against citizenship; the final decision rests with the courts. They have no uniform system of practice except as understandings may be reached by judges in individual districts. The whim of a single judge is sufficient to establish the practice in any one court at any one time.

Take the case of Miss Mary King, an Irish Quaker, secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of Portland, Oregon. When she appeared before the late Charles E. Wolverton, judge of the United States District Court, citizenship was denied to her because she refused to take the oath of allegiance to "support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign or domestic." She said that as a Quaker she would do everything in her power except bear arms, but, despite her argument that Quaker citizens are exempt from military service, her application was denied. In the course of two years the applications of a dozen other persons with conscientious scruples against bearing arms were denied by the same judge.

Judge Wolverton evidently insisted that the phrase "defend the Constitution" meant to do so with arms. There would seem to be no warrant for this interpretation in the words themselves, and the Passport Division of the Department of State does not construe them as having this meaning. As the applicant for a passport is required to take an oath of allegiance containing the same phrase, Roger N. Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, recently wrote to inquire what interpretation was put on the words by the Department of State. "I am a pacifist who served a term in prison during the World War for my refusal to obey the Selective Service Act," he stated. "I am wholly opposed to bearing arms for any purpose or to aiding warfare." Mr. Baldwin received a reply from J. K. Anddle, chief of the Passport Division, which seems to us to express a reasonable and intelligent attitude:

> You are informed in reply that the department does not construe the oath or affirmation of allegiance prescribed by the passport regulations as necessarily involving physical defense of the Constitution and consequently does not perceive any good reason why non-resistants should decline to accept it, especially as it is administered to women and to children old enough to understand its nature. However, if you have conscientious scruples against taking the oath as it stands, the department will consider the matter of issuing a passport to you if you will file formal application for such a document supported by an oath or affirmation of allegiance to the Constitution in the following form:
>
> "Further, I do solemnly affirm that I will support the Constitution of the United States and will, so far as my conscience will allow, defend it against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I take this obligation freely without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion. So help me God."

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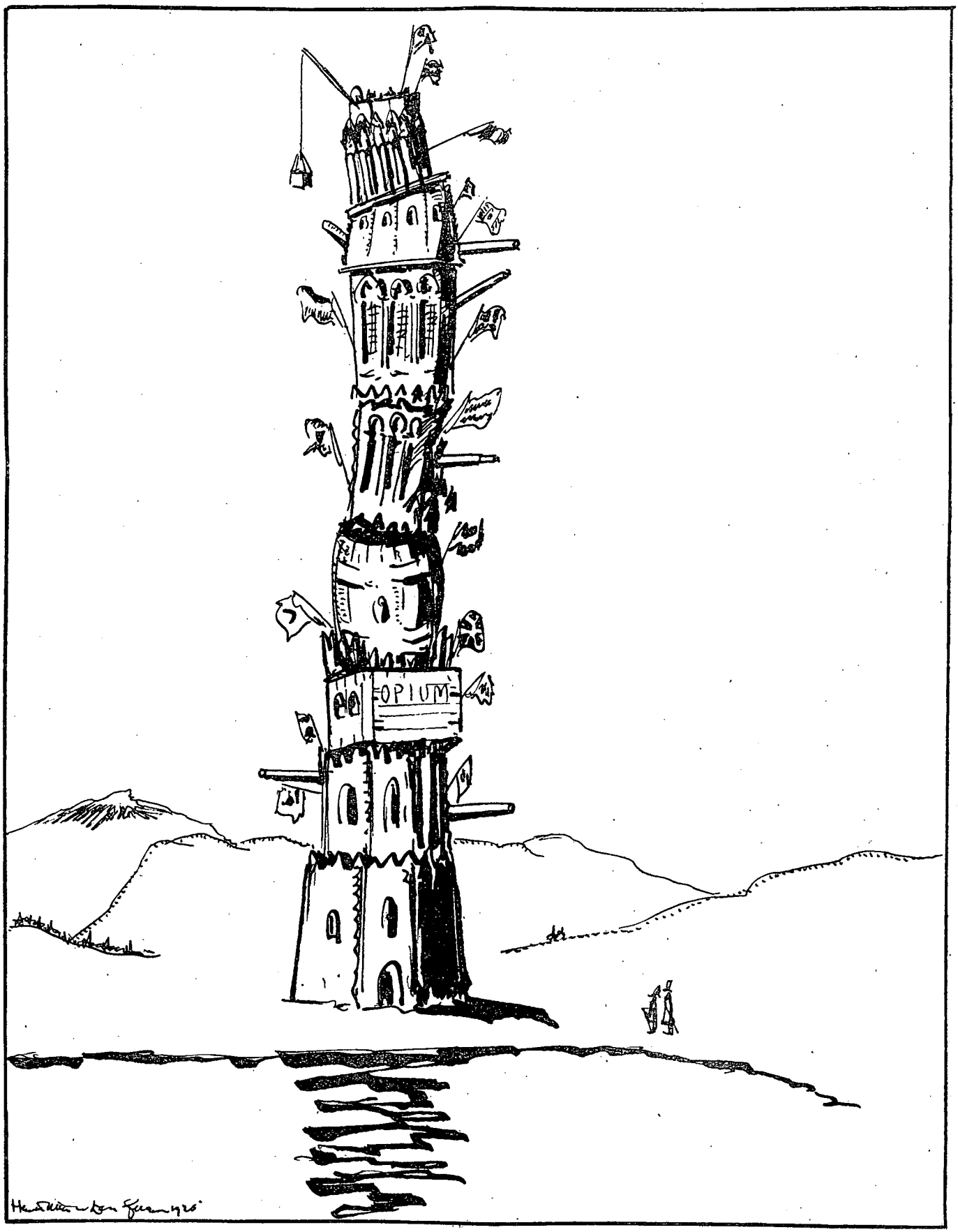


## European Architecture

THE BUILDERS OF GENEVA: *"Our plans were all right, but there seems to be something the matter with our little tower."*

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## These Modern Women

# The Making of a Militant

ANONYMOUS

*We print herewith the first of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of women active in professional and public life. Our object is to discover the origin of their modern point of view toward men, marriage, children, and jobs. Do spirited ancestors explain their rebellion? Or is it due to thwarted ambition or distaste for domestic drudgery? The next article is by a woman who, though willing to fit into the conventional picture, found herself unable to do so.*

I COME from the oldest American stock. I can say that with absolute truth and without implication of snobbery because one of my ancestors, on my father's side, was an Indian girl. On my father's side we are English and Scotch back to 1636, when his first ancestor in this country came from England. On my mother's side, we are, with the exception of an Irish great-grandmother, of unmixed English blood, straight back through a signer of the Declaration of Independence to an ancestor on the Mayflower. It is, I believe, my father's blood—a long line of farmers—which has most influenced my thinking and is responsible for a kind of militant idealism which ks many of my family. ..s, I believe, my mother's blood—a long line of mill-workers and mill-owners—which has most influenced me aesthetically. That strain has given me an intense love of beauty; a feeling, more poignant perhaps, when beauty is expressed in color rather than form.

There are two stories, hang-overs from the Revolutionary period in my father's family history, which always glow in my imagination. One is the story of a woman and the other of a man. The woman was the wife of my direct ancestor of that period. On the morning of April 19, 1775, her husband was plowing. Suddenly a man on a sweating horse stopped on the road in front of the house and yelled to him: "To arms! To arms! The regulars are coming!" My ancestor dropped his plow, rushed into the house, put on his coat, seized his musket, and ran down to the road. Once there, it occurred to him that he had not said goodby to his wife. He turned to wave to her—she had already taken his place at the plow.

The other story concerns the same battle. Deacon Josiah, one of my collateral ancestors, followed the British for miles along the line of fighting. That night he did not return. The next day he was found dead behind a stone wall. He had shot his last bullet, for there was not one left in his pouch. He was eighty years old.

Those stories made a profound impression on me. Sometimes I have wondered if they were not the real reason why for years I—naturally the most timid of created beings—was always in one civic fight at least; often in two; sometimes in more.

My early life was passed in Boston. I received the education typical of the upper middle-class in Massachusetts a generation ago. I went to four public schools—primary, grammar, high school, and normal school. I went to Radcliffe College. We were poor; genteelly poor; not poor enough to live in the slums and to know the thrill of haphazard picturesque slum existence, but poor enough to float along at a dead level of a lamb-stew existence. Yet the family life was informed with that idea of plain living and high thinking which was the New England ideal fifty years ago. As I look back on my life, it seems to be bound by the Boston *Transcript*, the Boston Public Library, the Boston Symphony, and the *Atlantic Monthly*.

I am one of seventeen children—the progeny of two wives and one father. The lives of all those children, except three who died in infancy, would make novels. I can here give but a carved cherry-stone idea of my own.

My father was born in 1815. He remembered with perfect clearness sitting as a boy in the chimney corner, listening to the tales of the Revolution told by men who had fought in it, and to discussions of witchcraft by people who still believed in witches. Clearly, too, he remembered when at eight his father took him to Charlestown to see the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument. Lafayette spoke on this occasion, and Daniel Webster. My father was a handsome person, the black-haired, olive-skinned, gray-eyed type, with a figure like a blade of Damascus steel, romantic, chivalrous, gallant, gay—*dashing* was the word they used to describe him. When he was a half-grown lad, he used to walk a distance—roughly of fifteen miles—into Boston to purchase the Waverley novels as fast as they appeared; trudged the fifteen miles back. As a youth, he went on the stage. It was his boast that he played every minor Shakespearean part, and that he had danced with Fanny Ellsler. He and a half-dozen other young men formed themselves into a black-face company and went to England; the first to visit Albion's shores. This was in 1844. They used to tramp from town to town giving their show and then moving on. My father made pilgrimages to the homes of Shakespeare and Byron, and to all the places he could identify that Scott had mentioned in his Waverley novels. He had a picturesque career; as prison reformer—he was, so far as I know, the first prison reformer in this country—politician, lecturer, author, and traveler. As he grew older, that fire of his youth toned down to an extraordinary quiet. Always an agnostic, he became a confirmed pessimist, but a gentle and humorous one; he seemed to develop an extraordinary wisdom.

My mother was twenty-four years younger than my father, beautiful in a delicately robust way; temperamentally capricious; illogical; vain with that charming vanity of the mid-Victorian epoch. All these youngnesses were illumined by a natural instinct for beauty; and they were held together by a dominant quality, seemingly alien to the combination—common sense.

She was one of a large family of girls. Her mother died when she was ten. Her father immediately married again

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—the makeshift matrimony of a man left alone with an unsolvable problem. My mother brought herself up. Early she went to work in the mills which were owned by her uncles, and in which their relatives were both foremen and workers. It was the Lucy Larcom period in American industry; all my mother's fellow-workers were women of American birth. And there was no sense of social inferiority in working in a mill. One day, perhaps, some American novelist will reconstruct that interesting epoch. I remember her telling us that the year she was eighteen she hired a horse on the Fourth of July, and in a habit which she had made for herself rode from Lowell to Boston—to see the doings on Boston Common. When she was seventeen my mother heard my father make a speech. She came home, waked up all her sisters, and kept them laughing half the night in spirited girlish imitations of him. The next year she met him. A few months later they were married. He placed her immediately at the head of a large household, where life moved in a highly romantic manner. In winter she used daily to skate. This frivolity in a married woman appalled the close, conservative community in which she lived. She used to ride horseback almost up to the time her babies were born. And this appalled them even further. Subsequently my father lost his fortune, tiny for this day, but ample for those—and the bad times came. It was at their nadir that I was born; and my youth saw no amelioration of them.

Yet ours was a big family and an extremely gay one.

Two aunts were familiars of our household. One, my father's younger sister, was a remarkable person. She had been a school-teacher. At the age of fifty-odd she was offered the place of a man principal who had just resigned from the school in which she taught. However, when she discovered that she was expected to do all his work but would not receive anything like his salary, she refused the job. She entered a theological seminary, was graduated at the head of the class, the only woman in it—one of the first American women clergymen. She had a parish in each of two towns, north of Boston. She preached in one church Sunday morning and the other Sunday night. When she was over seventy she retired; returned to her native town. A year later a delegation of farmers waited on her and asked her to come back, naming any salary within reason.

The second household familiar, also my father's sister, was a strong spiritualist. For four summers in my teens I went with her to a spiritualist camp-meeting in Massachusetts. Every morning and afternoon there were lectures in what they called the "auditorium." There was absolutely nothing for a young person to do in the camp-meeting; and so, out of sheer ennui, I attended all those lectures. Looking back, it seems to me, I heard discussed there every possible system of ethics, every possible theory of humanitarianism. I was a passive creature. These drifts of thought seemed to float over my mind without touching it. I was conscious then of no impression. I realize now that they had a profound effect.

However, I was accustomed to hear all kinds of discussions between my father and my two aunts. My mother, who bore no direct part in the discussion, was always flashing into their abstractions the strong flare of her common sense, the sparkle of her mother-wit. From an early age I became used to ideas. I was at home with them. I don't remember ever having to think things out when new ideas were presented to me. I knew instantly whether I accepted them as truth or not. With an exception; one of the strongest convictions of my thinking life, feminism, was a gradual growth. Indeed, I don't remember hearing the word feminism until I got to college.

In regard, however, to that tiny practical aspect of feminism—the franchise for women—I became very early an instant and ardent disciple. The question was first put to me by an extremely able woman teacher in the grammar school. Immediately my mind accepted as truth the idea that women should become in the fullest sense—citizens. I remember taking my new-found theory to my clergyman aunt, thinking I was going to open up a new vista to her. "I have believed in woman's rights all my life," she commented tranquilly. "And so has your father." From that time on, with increasing closeness, I was to be connected with the suffrage fight—that long-drawn-out, all-absorbing, irritating, boring battle for an obviously just and tiny bit of human liberty. I became very impatient with the slowness of a struggle waged on such scrupulously polite lines, and when the first militant in England threw the first brick my heart flew with it. Thereafter I was a firm believer in militant tactics. Toward the end of the movement I was identified with the militant wing of the suffrage fight.

But although this struggle seemed to occupy the surface of my mind, I was faintly conscious of a vague but deeper unrest underneath. Away back in the early strings of my young-girl thinking I became definitely conscious of a growing impatience with the woman's lot. From the moment I was able to think for myself—and I suppose I could number on the fingers of one hand the women I have met in a lifetime who have not agreed with me—I regretted bitterly that I had not been born a man. Like all young things I yearned for romance and adventure. It was not, however, a girl's kind of romance and adventure that I wanted, but a man's. I wanted to run away to sea, to take tramping trips across the country, to go on voyages of discovery and exploration, to try my hand at a dozen different trades and occupations. I wanted to be a sailor, a soldier. I wanted to go to prize-fights; to frequent bar-rooms; even barber-shops and smoking-rooms seemed to offer a brisk, salty taste of life. I could not have been more than fourteen when I realized that the monotony and the soullessness of the lives of the women I knew absolutely appalled me.

This was, understand, life in the middle class. These were, understand, women without private means or without the capacity for earning money for themselves.

I saw that most of them enjoyed one brief period of budding and another of flowering; the romance periods of young love and early marriage. After that—my heart sank as I contemplated the picture. All about me I saw lovely young things marrying, producing an annual baby, taking care of too many children in the intervals of running their houses. It seemed to me that early they degenerated into one of two types: the fretful, thin, frail, ugly scold or the good-natured, fat, slatternly slut.

As I look back on those years, the mid-day Sunday dinner seemed in some curious way to symbolize everything that I hated and dreaded about the life of the middle-class woman. That plethoric meal—the huge roast, the blood pouring out of it as the man of the house carved; the many vegetables, all steaming; the heavy pudding. And when the meal was finished—the table a shambles that positively

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made me shudder—the smooth replete retreat of the men to their cushioned chairs, their Sunday papers, their vacuous nap, while the women removed all vestiges of the horror. Sunday-noon dinners! They set a scar upon my soul. I still shudder when I think of them.

A profound horror of the woman's life filled me. Nothing terrified me so much as the thought of marriage and child-bearing. Marriages seemed to me, at least so far as women were concerned, the cruelest of traps. Yet most women married and all seemed to want to marry. Those who remained single often changed into something more repellent than those charmless drudges. I made all kinds of resolutions against matrimony. All the time, though, I was helplessly asking myself, how was I going to fight it—when I so loved companionship?

One way, I decided, was not to let myself get caught in any of those pretty meshes which threaten young womanhood. I made a vow that I would never sew, embroider, crochet, knit—especially would I never learn to cook. I made a vow that if those things had to be done, I would earn the money to pay for them. I married, but I kept my vow. I have always paid for them. Even in a young marriage, when income was very limited, I went without clothes to keep a maid. And although I happen to be extremely domestic in that I must have a home and much prefer to stay in it, I have always managed that the work of that home should be done by someone else, and that my clothes should be made outside it.

Through all this spiritual turmoil there had been developing within me a desire to write. And during all these years, I was making a tentative experiment with the august business of reflecting the life about me. Ultimately my first short story was accepted; more short stories; a book; more books. Except for three or four years, my mature life has been economically independent. I hope to be economically independent the rest of my days. When I look back on my fifty-odd years of life on this planet, I wonder what was the real inception of my desire to stand alone—fighting ancestry; liberal influences; discussion-ridden youth? Perhaps it was those Sunday dinners!

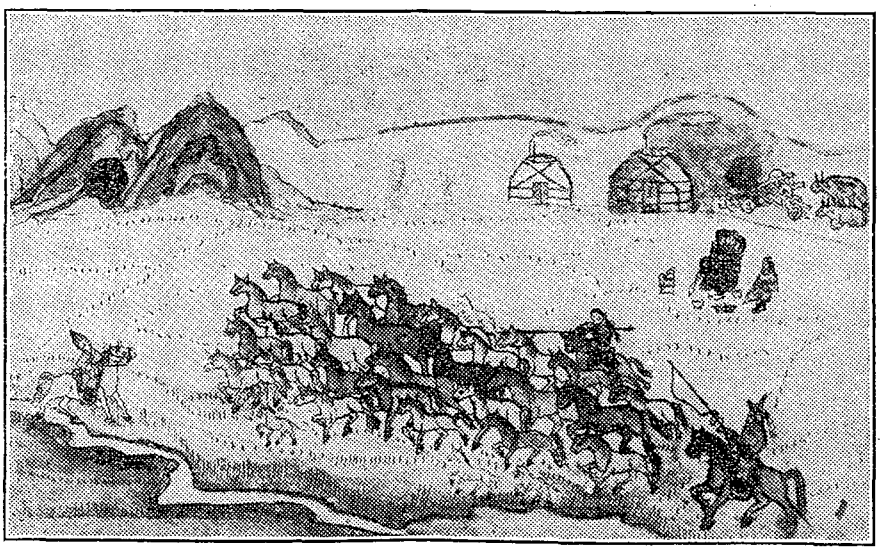
# Mongolia—A Nomad Republic

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

[*This is the second of three articles describing the author's trip across Mongolia from the Chinese to the Trans-Siberian Railway. The last article, Toward the Pacific Ocean, will appear in next week's issue.*]

UDDE and Tuerin, on the way across the Gobi Desert, have been marked on world-maps for centuries, but they are mere clusters of *yurts*. Urga is the greatest city of Mongolia—a land vaster than the entire United States east of the Mississippi—and Urga has a population of perhaps forty thousand. It begins as a sort of Russian frontier town, with wooden houses strung loosely along a wide road; closes into a Mongol city, with *yurts*, tents, and more permanent structures hidden behind the tall log stockades that line the streets; twists, for a space, into a huddled Chinese town, and then climbs the hill, Mongol again, to the Lama City around the high temple where the mummy of the Living Buddha sits erect incased in gold when he died just two years ago. Over the occasional shops are vast signs—in stringy Mongol and chunky Tibetan characters, in the Greek letters of the Russian alphabet, and occasionally in the lovely forms of Chinese ideographs.

Urga's customs-house is a vast compound open to the sky. Snow was falling, and I attempted to carry my bags into the one covered shed. Three large Mongols rapidly removed me and my bags, to the vast amusement of the camel-drivers and idlers who seemed to spend their days placidly smoking and watching the encircling mountains. I was at a disadvantage because I could find no one who understood a word of any language that I knew. I could indicate by signs that the wet snow was not good for my clothes, but they were unimpressed. Slowly, with vast interest, they shook out my garments, one by one. They held up long woolen underdrawers for the amazed inspection of the considerable crowd that had gathered. They stopped to play with Chinese toys that I was bringing home to my small son. They tried on a necklace intended for my sister. Finally they came upon some letters, and these they stuck in their belts. Some of these were to Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian general, who was then in Urga, and their seizure broke my patience. Loudly protesting in pigeon English as unintelligible to them as their Mongol was to me, I removed the letters from their belts and put them in my pocket. Their voices rose; the crowd increased. Finally I had an inspiration. With some of the letters I was done. So, ostentatiously, I divided the packet, presenting them with the larger



*From a water-color sketch by a fifteen-year-old schoolboy in Urga.*

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share and keeping those I still needed; this they regarded as equitable, and we beamed agreement at each other. At that point I remembered my radiolite wrist-watch, and when I showed them that fascinating toy, peace was sealed. They did not even open my second bag.

The Russian chauffeur reappeared and assured me that I could get my passport back tomorrow. I had already learned enough Russian to understand the word for tomorrow; and *margash*—tomorrow—was the first word of Mongolian that I came to understand. I doubted, but there was nothing to do but let it go, after an exhausting cross-examination in sign-language as to my age, marital condition, and number of offspring. The Mongols are having a fascinating time learning to be modern, beginning with passports and permits.

The Russian consulate was the next stop. The Consul was perturbed. He did not like Americans, but I had a friendly letter from Karakhan, the Russian Ambassador in Peking. And what was he to do with a man who spoke no Eastern language? Nikiforoff himself, I later learned, spoke Chinese, Mongol, Persian, Turkish, and several Cossack dialects, but he knew no French, German, or English. Fortunately he had a German secretary, and one of his assistants spoke some French. We finally agreed that I would seek out the Marshalls and hope for shelter there.

*A page from a Mongolian schoolbook illustrating the fable of the mouse and the elephant—an Eastern version of the familiar story of the lion and the mouse.*

Marshall is the last outpost of the West in Mongolia. Russian influence, aided by Chinese civil war, had made it almost impossible for British and Americans and other Westerners to do business via China. The trade now moves north, via Russia. But the International Export Company still maintains its compound, and exports a few skins; and Marshall and his wife and his assistant live in Urga as Englishmen do in their trade empire on which the sun never sets. The Marshalls even had a bathtub—the only bathtub in all Mongolia. They had a phonograph, too, and our car, apparently, brought mail for them from Tientsin, and a new record: "I want to be happy." I shall never be able to think of Urga without hearing the whining beat of that record. Every night, after supper, the sounds rang out with a kind of sinister precision. No one else in Urga spoke English; two of the Marshalls' three children had never learned the native tongue of their parents; Jimmy, the eldest, when I showed him a picture of my son, said: "I wish you had pulled Michael out of your pocket instead of his picture. I'd like to play with a little boy who talks my language." The long, cold winter tells on lonely Anglo-Saxons isolated there on the roof of Asia; and, it had not helped matters when, a few days before my arrival, Mrs. Marshall, entering the kitchen in the morning, had stumbled against the body of her lovesick Russian cook, hanging to a stove-pipe. They all wanted to be happy.

The Marshalls were hospitality itself, but politically their position in Urga was weak, and they did not know me. The Russian Consul was even more suspicious; and the task of seeing people in a strange city where hardly a soul spoke any Western tongue but Russian was complicated. Eventually I discovered a few possible aides. There was Domba Dordji, the president of the People's Party of Mongolia, who had learned a little English in Moscow; Dalai Badmadjopoff, son of the Minister of Justice, who had been to an American school in Tokio; Zaparin, the Russian trade representative, who spoke all the languages in the world and would have been more useful if he had not been presiding over a series of trade conferences which met three times a day; and Vsevsiatsky, a passionate Russian prison reformer, whose wi spoke German.

It is lonely in Urga. Mrs. Vsevsiatsky, for instance, was a high-spirited Russian girl who had almost finished her medical training in Petrograd when the war came near in 1920. She served as a doctor at the front; the bloody experience spoiled her for medicine, and she turned first to philology and then to natural science. She came to Urga as an expert attached to the staff of the explorer Kozloff; quarreled with him, fell in love with and married Vsevsiatsky, who had left his boys' penal colony in a Moscow suburb to help the Mongols work out their first written code of laws. And now she was tied down in Urga by her small daughter, named Gobi after the desert; and another child was on the way. Her career was gone. Would she die a provincial official's wife there at the end of the earth, she wondered? Vsevsiatsky's job was the compilation of codes, but his passion was prison reform. A genial, red-bearded, blue-eyed Russian, he had persuaded the Mongols to abolish corporal punishment from the statute-books, but wherever he traveled he found it still in vogue. He showed me photographs of the *mogelun*, the coffin-like box in which the Mongols used to incase their prisoners, with its single hole through which the prisoner received food and air and, occasionally, removed excrement. He had a little penal museum of rods and whips taken from provincial prison officials. He lamented the universal laments. "The old officials are hopeless," he said, "they do not even want to understand the new system, and the young men do not know enough and will not work."

Again and again in that week in Mongolia I found myself comparing Russian advisers with the Christian missionaries in China, trying to teach a people things it did not want to learn. The Mongols were enthusiastic about

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the Russian-conducted veterinary station, but they had no interest in agricultural experts. (They dread tillage, inclosure of the land, as a sure forerunner of loss of independence.) They welcomed Buriat Russian school-teachers, but the Russian doctor in charge of the Urga hospital complained that they had cut off his appropriation for training nurses, insisting that any Mongol soldier could nurse well enough without training.

School is a difficult problem in Mongolia. Under the old aristocratic regime* no one but the priests learned to read, and few of them. I brought back with me a copy of the first schoolbook ever printed in Mongolia, just off the new printing press, imported from Germany. A census of the ruling People's Party, which includes the progressive, thinking younger generation, had just revealed that even in that advanced group only 1,894 of 5,100 could really read; only 24 knew any language other than Mongolian. Many of the teachers are perforce Buriat Mongols from the other side of the Russian frontier. Pictures of Lenin and Marx were interspersed with drawings of Roy Andrews's fossil baluchitherium and of polar bears, with human skeletons and German butterflies on the walls of the two-story log-cabin schoolhouse which is the educational pride of Mongolia. This, the oldest school in Mongolia, has a history of five years; of its eighty pupils twenty were studying English, fifteen Russian, fifteen Chinese, and rest were still struggling to master the wriggling letters of their native tongue.

* Under the Manchus Mongolia was governed from Peking through its feudal chieftains. The Mongols refused to recognize the Chinese Republic in 1911 and declared their independence, which China, in a treaty which Russia also signed, recognized in 1915. This independence, however, amounted to acceptance of Russia's protection. After the Russian revolution China reasserted its control, but the Chinese troops were driven out in 1920. The White Russian regime which followed was overthrown in 1921, with the aid of Soviet Russian troops, and the present people's republic, opposed to rule of princes and priests, was established. Its constitution, adopted in 1925, is printed in the International Relations Section of this issue of *The Nation*.

Domba Dordji, struggling to exhaustion, in a manner that I understood only too well, to express himself in an unfamiliar tongue, told me of his party's fight to train a democratic younger generation able to replace the hereditary princes and feudal grand lamas whose medieval domination still threatened the young nomad republic. He proudly showed me their first publications, introduced me to members of the cabinet—three former aristocrats, a teacher, a clerk, an ex-priest, and two who three years ago were tending flocks on the plains—and outlined the simple system of taxation. Poor people, which means people who own less than ten sheep, pay no taxes. Those who own between ten and a hundred sheep pay one sheep in taxes; those who own more than a hundred but less than a thousand pay ten; and so on. For purposes of taxation a goat is reckoned as the equivalent of a sheep; ten sheep make an ox or a cow; and two oxen a camel.

Old Tseren Dordji, the adventuresome Prime Minister who had managed to hold office under the Manchu emperors, under the Czarist Government of pre-war days, and under the free, so-called "Red" Government of today, proudly outlined for me the history of his people. They had twice conquered China, he said, and had never been conquered by them. Under the Manchus, he insisted, they had been allies; in recent years the Chinese had broken all agreements, and that was done forever. When I asked about the Russians he scowled, pursed his thick lips, raised his eyebrows, and then smiled a smile that broke into a laugh. "You foreigners think that the Russians are everything in Mongolia," he finally said. "It's not so. We Mongols have been left behind by civilization, and we need help. So we have invited Russians to aid us in building a national bank and an army, in organizing cooperative societies and a customs service. We like their experts; we trust them; but they will not always be here."

# When the Oil Gives Out

By JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD

THE life-blood of this country is oil. Every traveled highway demonstrates the fact as well as a mountain of statistics. Gasoline has become so much a part of our daily lives that we take this gift of nature as a matter of course. Although we are told over and over again that the supply is sure to fail sooner or later, such prophecies make little impression. Some weeks ago the Federal Oil Conservation Board reported that the total amount of petroleum in known fields in the United States would last at the present rate of production and consumption for only six years. This received the usual amount of newspaper comment and was forgotten. By this time we are nearly immune to such scares, and we probably shall refuse to wake up until the price of gasoline has risen out of reach and our twenty million carbureters are crying in vain for nourishment.

There are now four and a half billion barrels of oil left in the known fields. At the present rate of consumption this would last for six years. But since the total amount cannot be extracted in that time, the supply will begin to fail much sooner. The flow from a field is always greatest at first, for it depends on gas pressure. When this decreases the oil comes to the surface more reluctantly. If the supply is to be maintained after three or four years we must discover new fields. This has always been done in the past and certain optimistic persons get satisfaction from the fact that only 40 per cent of this country is geologically sure not to contain oil. But a large part of the remainder has already been prospected, and the proportion of dry wells is rising alarmingly. This dependence on new domestic fields is a gamble at best.

The Conservation Board does not attempt to estimate foreign fields. To the present time these fields have proved of much less importance than our own. The more accessible ones in Russia, Rumania, and Mexico are approaching exhaustion already. If we go further from civilization we run into difficulties of transportation and politics which may prove limiting factors. No matter how we look at it the day of the oil substitute is not far ahead.

At present there are three possible substitutes for gasoline—shale-oil, methanol or wood alcohol, and ordinary alcohol. Each has its interested advocates, and each figures largely in technical discussions. If the public is not alive to the situation the oil and chemical companies are. Any

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attempt to find the real facts about the commercial possibilities of these substances brings to light an amazing amount of contradictory opinion. Nine articles out of ten are written with some sort of bias. The oil interests, of course, want no change to be made; the States possessing large deposits of oil-shale publish volumes about its economic value; and each holder of patents wants to see his process in commercial use. New discoveries are being made in this field almost daily, for the vast importance of the matter has attracted research workers. There is a rumor, with few details to substantiate it, that the Germans have perfected a process which will supply all their future needs for fuel and lubricants. We do not know yet which substitute has the best chance of coming into general use, but the characteristics and advantages of the three mentioned above are better understood.

Shale-oil can hardly be called a petroleum substitute, for it is practically the same substance obtained by a different process. Little is known about the origin of oil and oil-shale, but probably petroleum is formed when shale is subjected to heat and pressure at great depths. Oil occurs in rocks and "sands" not at all resembling shale, but this is accounted for by the ease with which it "migrates" from one stratum to another more porous or under less pressure. Petroleum is a thick liquid when it gets to the surface, but in its original state it contains many volumes of dissolved gas, which make it more mobile than water or gasoline. This compressed gas is the force which drives the oil from the rock. Now, when the shale occurs near the surface it has not been treated by this process of natural pressure-distillation, and contains no oil but a complex organic substance from which oil is formed. This can be broken up by heat into something very like natural petroleum.

There is plenty of shale in this country to supply all our needs for years to come. The best fields are in the central Rocky Mountain regions, although large deposits also exist in Kentucky and other States. If a method should be developed of utilizing this reserve our oil worries would be over for another fifty or a hundred years. Unfortunately numerous obstacles appear in the way of this development. The process of getting oil from shale is by no means as cheap or as simple as drilling wells for it. Both the mining and the distillation are expensive, and the amount of oil recovered is not large—seldom as much as a barrel per ton. The by-products of the distillation, ammonia and water-gas, are not obtained in sufficient quantities to bear much of the expense.

Every discussion of shale-oil begins with the statement that shale is successfully mined and distilled in Scotland. This is misleading. The industry was established there before our petroleum came on the market, and it used a very rich kind of shale containing as much as three barrels of oil per ton. When this was exhausted the industry struggled along feebly, protected from competition only by a government subsidy. Even with this artificial assistance it has remained too small to supply the limited requirements of Scotland. We may, however, draw some interesting conclusions from the experience of the Scotch shale distillers.

A certain amount of the Western shale lies so near the surface that it can be mined by the economical open-cut method, which reduces mining expenses to a low level. Optimistic reports on the subject always assume that this condition is general. The fact is that these open deposits would be exhausted in a short time, and the shale would have to be mined from below the surface like coal or any other mineral. Since crude oil sells around two dollars a barrel and a ton of average shale contains seldom more than two-thirds of a barrel, the cost of mining a ton would have to be kept below a dollar. Even this would leave a dangerously small margin for the cost of distillation.

If the price of crude oil rises high enough to make the process pay, the amount of capital and labor required to run a full-sized shale-oil industry is tremendous. Calculating from the Scotch figures and allowing for superior American labor, we find that 5,000 miners and 210 million dollars are needed to run a plant producing 50,000 barrels daily. The United States uses 1,200,000 barrels a day. This means that it will take 120,000 miners and $5,000,000,000 to supply us with shale-oil. Taking into consideration the difficulties of transportation, thinly settled mining country, and the possibility that some new fuel may wipe out this tremendous investment overnight we begin to see why even those companies which own areas of favorable shale-land hesitate to go into the business.

The next substitute, wood alcohol or methanol, is in an entirely different class from oil. The old process of distilling it from wood made it an expensive substance, but recently a process has been developed by which it is made directly from coal. Steam is blown through heated coal and changed into a mixture of carbon monoxide and hydrogen. This in turn is forced at high pressure through a heated chamber containing certain catalysts which change it into methanol. The cost of production is hard to estimate, for the process is patented and the price of the product kept up to the market level of about 60 cents a gallon. But 15 cents a gallon is considered a reasonable estimate, and quantity production would probably reduce this still further.

Several countries which have no oil supplies of their own have experimented with this process and report encouraging results. The French Government announced recently that it would soon open a factory at Lens to produce methanol on a large scale. It confidently predicts that this will make France independent of foreign supplies—an important matter in war time.

Methanol is volatile and highly combustible, but it has several disadvantages as a fuel. It gives only half as much heat per gallon as gasoline; so methanol would have to be twice as cheap as gasoline to compete with it in the open market. In addition to this it is extremely poisonous. Its effects if taken internally are well known, but its vapor is also dangerous, particularly to the eyes. A garage where much methanol had been spilled would be an unhealthy place in which to work.

The third substitute, ethyl or grain alcohol, is in many ways the most promising. It can be made from every vegetable substance. Its raw material renews itself yearly and can never be exhausted. Alcohol is now made from molasses and various starchy foodstuffs like corn and potatoes, but it can also be derived from cellulose, the fibrous substance present in all plants. For several years alcohol from molasses was used as a fuel in Cuba. Since the advent of prohibition in the United States, however, the demand for alcohol has so increased that the supply of molasses has become insufficient. This illustrates a common mistake made by the alcohol enthusiasts. The Cuban Chamber of Com-

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merce, for instance, is confident that alcohol can be produced in Cuba for from 5 to 10 cents a gallon. But in making this calculation they figured the cost of the molasses as almost nothing. Now molasses is a by-product of sugar refining, and if it sells for almost nothing the cost of its production has to be paid out of the profit on the sugar. As soon as molasses became valuable in its own right, the price rose so high that it killed the fuel-alcohol industry. There are many other by-products which can be turned into alcohol—saw-dust, for instance—but these must not be considered valueless. As soon as they find a sufficient market to rise out of the class of waste products their cost will have to be considered.

The process of making alcohol from straw and wood waste is being considered by several countries which have neither oil nor coal. The Australian Government has given a great deal of attention to the matter and reports satisfactory progress, although the process is not completely worked out. It is certain, however, that Australia could make enough alcohol out of its wheat straw alone to supply all its liquid fuel.

Alcohol is a satisfactory substitute for gasoline. Automobile engines can be adapted to its use with few changes and actually run more efficiently. It burns cleanly with no formation of carbon. Its heat value is 67 per cent that of gasoline, which means that a gallon and a half would drive an automobile as far as a gallon of gas. Calling it poisonous is only a figure of speech. What effect its common use as a fuel would have on the enforcement of prohibition is a matter of speculation.

# In the Driftway

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, although seventy-two years of age, has no intention of retiring as a bandmaster. He is quoted as saying: "The first you'll hear of Sousa's retirement is when you read 'Sousa's dead.' A man keeps going by keeping going. When he retires he vegetates. He dries up like a plucked flower and then he blows away." This is a frequently expressed American doctrine, and if Sousa feels that way about retiring it is a good thing for him not to do. It is a good thing for anybody who feels similarly—and there are many such in America—not to do. But as a philosophy it is open to devastating attack. It doesn't explain the situation to say that America is a nation of workers and anybody who quits his job finds himself isolated and neglected; that we lack Europe's leisure class and spirit of play. The man who upon retiring vegetates, as Sousa puts it, is as lost in Europe as here. The trouble lies not in lack of opportunities or company or the neglect of others, but in his own inadequacies. Anybody who withers like a plucked flower upon chucking up his job proves merely that he had no other vital interest. Few jobs are good enough to justify that, especially in a mechanical, competitive age when most of us work under orders from somewhere above, spending our days in a routine much of which is without any demonstrable usefulness save in bringing home the bacon on Saturday night. The average American male so overemphasizes his job that he not only gives it all his days but spends numerous evenings and noon-hours at dinners, conventions, or conferences, palavering with kindred workers—and calling it recreation.

LONG ago the Drifter adopted a better way. In order that—if somebody should leave him a legacy—he could retire without drying up and blowing away, he has never gone seriously to work. The pressure of landlords, milkmen, and such has from time to time driven him to a job. But he has never confused a livelihood with life, nor persuaded himself that he was doing what he wanted most to do if he wasn't. He has dodged promotion—this has seldom required heroic effort—whenever it seemed likely that he might thereby gain a position and a pay-check which he would hate to relinquish; he has stuck by a job only so long as he has felt that there was another just as good around the corner and that he could leave or be fired any day without a pang. If too glittering prospects are dangled before him, the Drifter at once decides to put temptation out of the way by walking into the office of the boss and calling him a big cheese.

* * * * *

BUT it doesn't usually work out quite that way. It has been with the Drifter's jobs as with his romances. He recalls a number of occasions when he felt that an affair with a young lady had gone far enough; he set about devising some kind and considerate way of cutting loose. But invariably before any plan occurred to him the young lady saved him the trouble by action more summary than kind or considerate.

* * * * *

AND in the same way, while the Drifter has been idling away his hours debating what kind of a big cheese to call the boss—gorgonzola, camembert, brie, or simply mouse—he has received notice that a suit of sackcloth would be ready for him at the end of the week.

THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## The Voice of Wanhsien

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Out of the many murderous acts committed by British vessels on China's inland waters the most outrageous is doubtless what has befallen and is befalling the people of Wanhsien, Szechuan Province. It is only a week ago that the S. S. Wanliu of the Butterfield & Swire Company swamped at Yunyang two Chinese junks with fifty-eight officers and soldiers of General Yang Sen's army, and $85,000 (Mex.). At Wanhsien, on the same date, General Yang Sen's inquiry was answered by letting loose machine-gun bullets from the British gunboat Cockchafer. Not a single shot was returned. The negotiations for a peaceful settlement were going on and had not ended when suddenly about 4 p. m. the Wanhsien people found themselves under heavy fire from the armed British merchantman Kiawo and the two British gunboats Cockchafer and Widgeon.

Shells dropped like showers. Houses crumbled like avalanches. The city went aflame at once. Women and children, if not burned alive or drowned, were torn into pieces. Thousands of lives and millions of property are lost. Yet several other British gunboats are reported advancing toward Wanhsien for another attack.

If there was ever vandal barbarism in history the British offenders are certainly trying to revive it. If there are still justice and humanity in the present civilization, our appeal for sympathetic understanding and fair judgment will certainly arouse the world's conscience. We are afraid of no extremes if driven to it. Nor shall we accept any settlement that does

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not remedy once for all the deep wound in our public sentiment. We therefore call upon you, in your effort to promote peace in the Far East, especially in your attitude toward this case, to stick to the principles of international equality and comity, which are so essential for a lasting peace in the world.

H. S. HSUNG,
Speaker, Wanhsien District Assembly
G. C. YANG,
Chairman, Wanhsien Educational Association
A. C. PAN,
Chairman, Wanhsien Agricultural Association
LUNPENG LIU,
President, Wanhsien Chamber of Commerce
YUSUH HO,
President, Wanhsien People's League for Defense

*Wanhsien, Szechuan, China, September 5*

## America's First Pacifist!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of your correspondents cites an interesting early instance of pacifism in the peace plan of Dr. Benjamin Rush in 1831.

Dr. Carter Woodson's recent compilation of letters, "The Mind of the Negro as Reflected in Letters Written During the Crisis, 1800-1860," includes Benjamin Banneker's proposal of 1793 for an amendment to the Articles of the Constitution, to establish a "Secretary and Department of Peace in the Cabinet." Certain points of Banneker's plan, especially the details of symbolic peace frescoes for the walls of the offices of the Secretary of Peace, and peace odes and anthems to be sung every day at "certain hours by a group of young ladies, clad in white robes, in a gallery to be erected for the purpose," very circumstantially point to the Banneker plan as the point of origin for Dr. Rush's scheme.

Be that as it may, certainly it is most interesting and significant to note the yet unrealized ideals and objectives of the Foundation for the Advancement of Peace, the Society to Abolish War, the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, and our scores of subsequent societies for promoting public and universal education, all so deliberately and confidently anticipated in 1793 by the Negro mathematician-astronomer of Maryland. To document his quite notable claim, let me quote his suggestions in detail:

> I. Let a Secretary of Peace be appointed to preside in this office, who shall be perfectly free from all the present absurd and vulgar European prejudices upon the subject of government; let him be a genuine republican and a sincere Christian, for the principles of republicanism and Christianity are no less friendly to universal and equal liberty.
>
> II. Let a power be given to this Secretary to establish and maintain free schools in every city, village, and township of the United States; and let him be made responsible for the talents, principles, and morals of all his schoolmasters. Let the youth of our country be carefully instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and in the doctrines of a religion of some kind; the Christian religion should be preferred to all others; for it belongs to this religion exclusively to teach us not only to cultivate peace with all men but to forgive—nay, more, to love—our very enemies. It belongs to it further to teach us that the Supreme Being alone possesses a power to take away human life, and that we rebel against His laws whenever we undertake to execute death in any way whatever upon any of His creatures.
>
> V. To inspire a veneration for human life, and an horror at the shedding of human blood, let all those laws be repealed which authorize juries, judges, sheriffs, or hangmen to assume the resentments of individuals, and to commit murder in cold blood in any case whatever. Until this reformation in our code of penal jurisprudence takes place, it will be in vain to attempt to introduce universal and perpetual peace in our country.
>
> VI. To subdue that passion for war, which education added to human depravity have made universal, a familiarity with the instruments of death, as well as all military shows, should be carefully avoided. For which reasons, militia laws should everywhere be repealed and military dresses and military titles should be laid aside; reviews tend to lessen the horrors of a battle by connecting them with the charms of order; militia laws generate idleness and vice, and thereby produce the wars they are said to prevent; military dresses fascinate the minds of young men, and lead them from serious and useful professions; were there no uniforms, there would probably be no armies; lastly, military titles feed vanity, and keep up ideas in the mind which lessen a sense of the folly and miseries of war.

This thoroughly uncompromising advocacy of peace at this early date may earn Benjamin Banneker the proud title of America's first pacifist.

*Washington, D. C., November 15* ALAIN LOCKE

## International Debt, New Style

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call your attention to an item of cultural history not likely to be chronicled in your International Relations Section. I have on my desk eight translations into German verse of Fitzgerald's "Omar," all published within the past twenty years. And I have just completed a delighted reading of a ninth (Gustav Kiepenheuer Verlag, Potsdam, 1926). Good as most earlier versions were, this is much the best—in the subtle unison of epigrammatic thought and wistful melanch[illegible] in clarity, in music (even to Fitzgerald's very cadences, so[illegible]e mately familiar to English ears). It is the work of H. [illegible] Nordmeyer, professor of German at Washington University in St. Louis. Germans in America have in past generations given the English world much of Germany's spiritual goods; here is a symptom of a new German-American movement—to give back to Germany more of our spiritual goods. Dr. Nordmeyer came to the University of Wisconsin some fourteen years ago, as a student from the University of Leipzig, and took his degree here. In fact, one of his examiners was your constant reader,

*Madison, Wis., October 29* WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

## More Assets and Liabilities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Drifter's list of American assets and liabilities gives me joy. They pretty nearly cover the ground, but here are just three or four additions, which can, if they meet your approval, be tacked on. Assets—*The Nation*, Franklin stoves, "delicious" apples, and the woods in the fall. Liabilities—Jazz, "over-stuffed" furniture, *The Nation's* prize poems, and all free verse, most of which ought to be locked up, unless the solution is given with the puzzle.

*Zanesville, Ohio, November 9* MARY A. PATTERSON

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"The Obligation of the Law"
*Chairman:* Arthur Warner
*Associate Editor,* The Nation

*January 11*
"Censor the Stage?"
**Elizabeth Marbury**
and
**Joseph Wood Krutch**
*Chairman:* Lewis S. Gannett
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*February 15*
"Men—What of 'em?"
**Ruth Hale**
and
**Lorine Pruette**
*Chairman:* Freda Kirchway
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*March 8*
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**American Indians**
*Speakers to be announced*
on
"The Art of the American Indian"
*Chairman:* Mark Van Doren
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**Frank R. Kent**
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# Books, Art, Plays

## Chant of the Old Men in the Woods

By CHARLES NORMAN

We seek what no man has perceived by light
Of hundreds of slim candles in the night,
What no man with a piercing lantern swinging
Through darkness ever saw; though we go singing,
We have not seen.
Is none among us wearied yet?
The damp is in our bones; could we forget
The many years of nights among the trees,
Seeking as now, we would sail overseas,
Beyond the islands.
And we are tired.
We are grown old with what we have desired
Roaming through the darkness in this wood.
We would lie down to quiet, if we could
Lie down at night to sleep;
There is no sleeping
Yet. We will go on. Not only winds are creeping
From tree to tree, not only unicorns
Ripple the streams with starlight on their horns.
And there has been no lantern made, swinging
Through darkness, to light our way; but we go singing.

## First Glance

I AM very fond of horses, but I shall never say why. In the first place I am ignorant of the reason, and in the second place I have too often seen lovers of dogs, explaining—as they thought—the cause of their attachment, confounded by lovers of cats. Lovers of cats despise both the horse people and the dog people, and do so from a single circumstance—that these people seem to be moved to affection by the docility of horses and dogs, by their dependence upon them. Cats, it is maintained, have not this docility or this dependence. Since the question whether dogs and horses do really have something in addition is somewhat too abstract for me, I shall not try to answer it, being content to watch and admire particular specimens of the two races as they walk or run before me. For that matter I like cats too, though not, as it happens, so well. I have never understood the war between cat people and dog people. Nor do I wish at present to start a controversy over the relative merits of horses and cows.

One reason that horses can be interesting is that we know so much about them—more, says Frederic B. Loomis, than about any other domesticated animal. The late W. C. Whitney was not only a fancier of thoroughbreds and a keeper of stables; he subsidized investigations into the history of the horse, sending expeditions to the fossil beds and tar pits of Western America for telltale bones. The result of such efforts, and of others over the world, is that we know a great deal about the distribution in place and time of this remarkably persistent, adaptable creature. At the Museum of Natural History in New York and at Amherst College one may read his history from charts, exhibits of bones, and restorations of bodies. It is from Amherst that Mr. Loomis writes his informing volume on "The Evolution of the Horse" (Marshall Jones: $3), showing with pictures and with text how our West, which hundreds of thousands of years ago nourished the earliest known ancestor of the animal we now have, lost contact with the species only to know it once more when a few horses, escaping from the Spanish explorers of the Mississippi Valley, pounded the earth there with new hoofs. The story takes Mr. Loomis also, of course, to Europe and Asia, and for the zebra and the ass to Africa. It is an exciting story, told soberly by a scientist for a popular audience.

Mrs. Lucy Sprague Mitchell tells it in another form, for children, in "Horses Now and Long Ago" (Harcourt, Brace: $3). Her book, for which much reading had to be done, is a collection of poems and tales designed to lure a child between eight and eleven to more knowledge of horses than he will get by looking at Dobbin in the barn. Mrs. Mitchell, sensibly enough, begins with Dobbin—who is named Dan—and works backward through centuries of change until she reaches the battlefield of Tours, where horses from the North encountered horses from the South. She goes back further still, and all in all she covers fascinating ground. I am glad that her book exists, and I hope that here and there it will find children not unwilling to look thus into the past of a familiar beast. That the hors is not so familiar as he was a few years ago is only another sign that the book should have been written. I am not so sure that children will like Mrs. Mitchell's exceedingly elaborate and exclamatory devices for attracting their attention to the subject in hand. But I shall not pretend to know just how the thing should have been done.

MARK VAN DOREN

## A Bishop Outside the Pale

*My Heresy.* By William Montgomery Brown. The John Day Company. $2.

A BISHOP on trial for heresy is a startling spectacle. We do not know how many such churchmen have followed in the fiery footsteps of Cranmer, but they cannot be many. We have an impression that the Right Reverend author of this book is the only American bishop who has ever been unfrocked. How he chanced to fall upon such a fate is an interesting question. But first in order is the equally interesting question how on earth he ever came to be made a bishop.

He was not a great preacher. He was not a scholar. It is his own testimony in this book that he was an "ignoramus"; and his own account of his education and of his state of mind when he wore the miter goes far to confirm his judgment that he "did not know anything." He was a saint, to be sure. He does not say this, for Bishop Brown is the most humble of men; yet every page of his autobiography is like a mirror wherein shine reflected the saintly virtues of simplicity, gentleness, charity, and abounding love. But how many saints have been bishops; when was Francis of Assisi granted ecclesiastical honors?

No, there must be other reasons for Bishop Brown's elevation. And potent ones, too, for the road was a long one, with a sharp ascent. Determination was there, and ambition, zeal, devotion, character. But these were not the decisive factors in the story. O, no! Dr. Brown became "a man of great influence in church affairs," first of all because "he had married the

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adopted daughter of a great Episcopalian philanthropist." Again, he became "a man of wealth." Still again, he proved to be a great success in the missionary work which he chose as his "specialty" in the ministry. He went hither and yon starting new churches and reviving old ones, until it was said admiringly of him that he "was making Episcopalians out of fence-posts." "I was by no means big," says Dr. Brown, but "I was successful." Just the man for a bishop, obviously! "I achieved wealth," says the Bishop, summing up his career, "because it was given me, honor because I had a pull, and success because I did not know what I was doing."

One would have to look far to find a more terrific indictment of the church than is contained in this guileless narrative. Yet not so far, after all, for the sequel of the story is even more damning than the introduction. The trouble began with the fact that Bishop Brown, as he puts it, was not only ignorant "but—honest." Even this rare virtue might have proved harmless had not the Bishop broken down from overwork and thus been forced to desist from the ceaseless activity which had for years left him too busy to read, or study, or think, or indeed do anything but build and dedicate churches. In his retirement he picked up, at the suggestion of a physician, Darwin's "Origin of Species"; later on he found himself reading Karl Marx's "Das Capital." Thus within a few months he was brought suddenly, and without preparation, into contact with the two greatest intellectual revolutions in modern thought. Instantly "the world that I had lived in up to that moment just disappeared. It did not merely fall into ruins," he says. "It collapsed, without leaving any ruins." It was not even darkness he was stumbling in. "The darkness was not there. It had popped into nothingness, as darkness is likely to do when the light is turned on suddenly enough."

But the gulf must be bridged! Men must be Christian and they must accept Darwin. "Could I not go ahead with my studies," queried the Bishop, "believing literally everything which I discovered to be literal truth, and interpreting symbolically every creedal statement which conflicted in any way?"

His interpretation, as he finally formulated it in his symbolical creed, is one of the most moving religious documents of modern times. But it left not even the "ruins" of Christian doctrine. And the Bishop was cited for heresy!

The resulting trial was one of the tragic farces of ecclesiastical history. There was no question as to whether Bishop Brown believed or did not believe. He denied everything! But how much do *you* believe, he asked the lord bishops, his judges? Do you believe all the creed—"he (Jesus) descended into hell," for example, or "the resurrection of the body"? Not literally, of course, but symbolically! Which brought the whole thing straight down to the question, "How unorthodox can a churchman be?" It was a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole case for the symbolical interpretation of dogma. There is a rule of common sense in this matter, says a recent apologist for the court. But *whose* common sense—Bishop Brown's or his accusers'?

Never was there such an exposure of the utter bankruptcy, intellectual and spiritual alike, of organized Christianity. Here in this life story, told with utter simplicity yet with playful irony, piercing wit, and unfailing gentleness and good-nature, Bishop Brown "spills the beans," to quote his own words. Four things he makes plain forever: (1) That the church, in its sectarian activities, is willing to use every standard of mere worldly success to attain its ends; (2) that Christian faith has no more place in the contemporary world than the cult of Dionysus; (3) that the symbolical method of saving the faith is a device which destroys what it seeks to save; (4) and that, in any final clash between spiritual sanctity and doctrinal conformity, it is belief and not life which the church finds important.

During the famous trial the Episcopal bishops said with amiable contempt that their colleague was crazy. If there is a saner man than the author of this book, we have not found him; if there is an insaner story than this which the author has to tell of American Episcopacy, we can't imagine it. These bishops convicted their colleague on the charge that he had lost his faith. If what he lost is faith, and what he found heresy, then God help the church! When Bishop Brown was a prelate, petted, pampered, and praised, he had no more real religion than a totem-pole. When he was a heretic, hated, hounded, and hunted, he had found a religion as genuine and terrible as the Sermon on the Mount.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

# God and Mammon

*Religion and the Rise of Capitalism.* By R. H. Tawney. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

MR. TAWNEY is the author of "The Sickness of the Acquisitive Society"—duly softened by his American publishers to "The Acquisitive Society," on the assumption perhaps that the element of sickness applies to Great Britain alone. That book impressed some of us as the most lucid and penetrating arraignment of capitalism ever written. In its pages critical intelligence was substituted for dogma, while the patient was diagnosed not from the basis of a set of ill-digested moral and ethical considerations, but from the clean-cut standard of a functional society. This bench mark remains an unforgettable quality of the book.

In the present work Mr. Tawney undertakes to tell us how we got that way—how in the last 250 years property has come to take precedence over function, and the way of profit over the way of life. It is absorbing story. To it the author brings a scholarship and a profundity of research seldom equaled in economic writing. There are no archives—early Christian, Medieval, Reformation, early Puritan, the economic Fathers—which he has left unturned. So thorough is his analysis of sources that the story largely tells itself. From St. Francis to Lloyd George the record runs.

And the essence of the story seems to be this. The medieval church conceived of life *as a whole* as being subject to the moral principles of Christianity. "To such a temper, all activities divorced from religion are brutal or dead, but none are too mean to be beneath, or too great to be above, since all, in their different degrees, are touched with the spirit which permeates the whole." To the lay world the church declared in no uncertain terms the sin of usury, of profiteering, of hoarding, of exalting property over living. The modern hard-boiled business man in such an environment would have been an object of horror, loathing, and summary banishment—by means more or less painful—because of his total disregard and defiance of the accepted Christian way of life. He would have shocked and outraged medieval society much as a naked man making obscene gestures in the middle of Main Street would shock 1926 America.

Puritanism, coinciding with the beginnings of the industrial revolution, broke this medieval unity. It introduced a philosophic, and a practical, dualism.

> It regards the secular and the religious aspects of life not as successive stages within a larger unity, but as parallel and independent provinces governed by different laws, judged by different standards, and amenable to different authorities. . . . Thus the conflict between religion and those natural economic ambitions which the thought of an earlier age had regarded with suspicion is suspended by a truce which divides the life of mankind between them. The former takes as its province the individual soul, the latter the intercourse of man with his fellows in the activities of business and the affairs of society. Provided that each keeps to its own territory, peace is assured. They cannot collide, for they can never meet.

With this fissure in the function of religion, with individual salvation substituted for social salvation, the whole attitude toward profit, interest, property, and even poverty underwent

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a rigorous revision. What had been wrong became right; what had been dereliction became duty. Poverty, instead of furnishing a presumption of virtue, began, after 1700, to furnish a presumption of slackness, laziness, and refusal to make the best of one's opportunities. High profits were a sign of high diligence. Legislation for the protection of workers in those first awful factories was an impious defiance of the benign workings of natural law.

What Tawney traces is one of the most interesting sublimations that history has to record. With the dawning of new industrial methods, of new and appetizing ways of making money, the whole superstructure of religion was neatly shifted out. But lest such procedure should bear any mark of impiety, a new concept, the Puritan, was erected to canonize the change, with rituals, observances, devotions all of its own. No less strict and no less weighty were these observances, save that they left the lay world clear for the transactions of profitable business. Sunday belonged to God with three long sermons a day, but Monday saw an equal devotion to the counting house. With odds of six to one, the counting house won hands down. And still continues to win.

It is more than possible that invention and science could never have come with the rush that they did, had not the grip of the church over secular affairs been broken. The industrial revolution might never have been more than a still birth. But the price that has been paid for the economic freedom of the entrepreneur has been a grievous one; the underlying population has paid the bills, and the books are far, far from closed. The rise of capitalism has kicked the Christian way of life, as it was known for a thousand years, into a dustbin. Whether or not it belongs there is another question, outside the province of the specific research to which Mr. Tawney has so skilfully and so entertainingly addressed himself.

STUART CHASE

## French War-Gold

*Facing Europe.* By Frederick Bausman. The Century Company. $3.

JUDGE BAUSMAN'S book will be welcomed by those who are opposed to the cancelation of America's European debts, and it will convert some of the undecided. The main thesis is that Europe has behaved so outrageously as to forfeit any claim to our leniency, is so incorrigible that our sacrifice would do no good. The book has failings and errors, but the contentions are sound and the case is not overstated.

Possibly Judge Bausman should not have called Sir Edward Grey a hypocrite. Hamilton Fyfe considers him merely a muddle-headed, ill-informed, well-meaning English gentleman unfit for his post and involved in a poisonous net of intrigue from which he was unable to extricate himself; and Bernard Shaw relates how he mentally raised his hands to heaven when some one called Grey a great statesman and a true friend of Germany. Judge Bausman drives a new puncture into the Grey myth. But the chapters that deal with Wilson, Page, and House are the best. Here the author has found his stride. The evidence is well marshaled and there is keen analysis. Less good are the chapters dealing with war origins and propaganda.

Judge Bausman does not seize all of his opportunities. He neglects Clemenceau, for instance, next to Northcliffe the greatest propagandist who ever lived. Clemenceau "ran" Caillaux's own foreign minister, de Selves, and Caillaux tells us that he likewise "ran" the French press. Maxse, the editor, tells us in so many words that Clemenceau "ran" the *National Review*, the sheet which did more than any other to poison the mind of the English against Germany. Clemenceau likewise "ran" the Alliance Française, one avowed aim of which was to influence women in favor of France's national aspirations. The Alliance, according to its own statutes, was to act in place

"The essential objection to feudalism was that it imposed degrading acts and attitudes upon the vassal; the essential objection to democracy is that, with few exceptions, it imposes degrading acts and attitudes upon the men responsible for the welfare and dignity of the state."

*Says*

H. L. MENCKEN

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of the French Government where there was danger of the Government's compromising itself. One should study Clemenceau's articles in the *Homme Libre* for the week preceding the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. He sees war coming, and with an unholy joy he urges the French to be not merely heroes but conquerors. This in the week before the ultimatum to Serbia! André Chéradame is another neglected child of Judge Bausman's. Contributor to thirty-five newspapers and periodicals and author of fifteen volumes, Chéradame had a hand in every anti-German enterprise.

Judge Bausman should give more study to French financial history in this period. A good book on the subject would be of the greatest interest. At every political juncture Russian aid was bought by huge loans. In 1914 almost every Balkan state was being financed by France—Bulgaria, even, being promised a loan if she would conduct her policies "within the orbit of the Triple Entente." France would have been richer today by over a hundred billion francs but for her policy of cornering Germany. And we are to make good the deficit! In Chéradame's "Douze Ans de Propagande Balkanique" we can follow the French endeavors from year to year, can see their fruition at the Slavic Sokol Fest in 1912 at which 53,000,000 Slavs were represented. Chéradame is jubilant over the honors paid to the French delegation. The fame of the demonstration in France's favor has spread through the Slavic world, has "had an enormous effect on the Slavic countries." France has "merely to continue the work so well begun"; it is "destined to have the happiest results." Germans can simply be starved out by a boycott from on all sides. France has been waiting for Alsace-Lorraine these thirty years. Her sword is now forged; when will she draw it? "A political upheaval among the Slavs of Central Europe is of vital importance for the Triple Entente." In this same year appeared the third edition of a book by Ernest Lemonon, dedicated to Paul Cambon and with a preface by Paul Deschanel, which was crowned by the French Academy. It contains this passage: "To force Germany to adopt a policy based on the principle of European equilibrium to curb her appetite for world hegemony, not only must the Triple Entente constantly tighten the bonds that form it, not only must it increase its armaments . . . it must in every way favor the formation of a Balkan League." . . . "Serbia especially must be given the means to arm and recuperate. For a strong Serbia would be a dagger in the flank of Austria." Later we find a loan to Serbia given preference over a French internal loan.

Although Judge Bausman carries us far, and every one should read his book, he does not carry us far enough.

ERNEST F. HENDERSON

## A Friend of Labor

*A Son of the Bowery.* By Charles Stelzle. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

ALTHOUGH born and bred in the poverty of New York's Lower East Side, and devoted, in maturity, to the welfare of the workingman, Mr. Stelzle is not, as one might assume, anti-capitalist. Nor is he fanatically pro-Labor in his interesting autobiography. Rather does he picture the case for employer and employee from the critical standpoint of the sociologist, basing his observations on a study of social conditions during long personal contact with the masses as a factory hand and later as a church worker. His anecdotal and somewhat discursive narrative gives one a new insight into the old problems of the welfare worker through the strength of character and purpose of the man himself. Mr. Stelzle is entirely free from the suspicion with which so many moral "uplifters" are regarded: one cannot help admiring the courage of a man who left a promising career as machinist to tread the rough path of press agent for the laboring classes.

The author will be best remembered as the originator of the Labor Temple in New York. In his narrative we are led to the achievement of his ambition for "a church for the average workingman" through such vicissitudes as his depressing discovery that "the more intelligent workingmen became, the less they became interested in the church." The result of his varied experience leads to definite conclusions. He ascribes labor unrest largely to the idealism engendered by libraries, art galleries, universities, and, interestingly enough, to advertising—the constant urge of big business to buy bigger and better things. The public schools he finds grievously at fault in character training and industrial education. But the greatest menace to our American institutions, he affirms, is in "the self-satisfied middle class, the standpatters," and in the most reactionary individual of all, "the retired farmer in the small town."

H. S. VILLARD

## Simpleton and Saint

*Harmer John.* By Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran Company. $2.

HALF Swede, half English, Hjalmar Johanson comes to the Polchester of which his mother had talked in exile, resolved there to kindle that spark of beauty which will fire a new world. Once he took a plate of blue pottery to his room in Copenhagen. Its glow made the rug seem drab and dingy, so he bought a new rug. Then in turn the walls lowered about him, so he moved to a new room and made it all white and clean, with only lovely things. So, he dreams, an impulse of good-will may circle outward, stirring men to sweep away sordidness and misery. He will begin by making [illegible] beautiful, for he is a gymnastic instructor.

Polchester of the narrow streets and towering cathedral takes him in, half foreigner that he is. So long as he talks of bodies—of excess pounds and flabby muscles—it can understand. But the soul is harder to stir, and its motion more painful. Like his prototypes in greater stories of the tragedy of unworldliness, Harmer John runs afoul of the malice and greed of the powerful few, the fear and distrust of the many. They cast him over the river wall of the disreputable slum for whose regeneration he has abandoned sweetheart, livelihood, and friends. And six years later they raise a tablet to his memory on a row of ugly, smug, but sanitary little houses which civic pride now sees as more suitable than the slum to Polchester's well-being.

Thus in a garrulous, clubby, and often obscure first person Hugh Walpole retells a story of the mob and the messiah, as it might have been enacted in an English provincial town, A.D. 1907. His picture of simple uncerebral goodness will give comfort to the hopeful, while his acid etchings of narrow spirits offer an entertaining opportunity to see the neighbors as others see them.

MARY ROSS

## Books in Brief

*A Dictionary of Modern English Usage.* By H. W. Fowler. Oxford University Press. $3.

To anyone who imagines that a dictionary of usage must necessarily be a commonplace, somewhat pedantic, perhaps sometimes helpful work of reference, Mr. Fowler's latest book will come as an agreeable shock. It is miles above the meager and graceless "handbook of composition" thumbed by stenographers and college freshmen. No other work in its field presents such a mass of useful information about English usage. The longer articles, which are made readily accessible by a separate index, are especially noteworthy. Taken together, they constitute a treatise on literary taste that is fresh, vigorous, and sensible. Moreover, the book as a whole is entertaining; page after page can be read with unflagging interest, for the author has not only erudition but a vivacious style and a flair for satire.

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# *The Nation's* Poetry Prize

*THE NATION* offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. This year in addition a second prize of $50 and a third prize of $25 will be offered. The rules for 1926 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Wednesday, December 1, and not later than Friday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page.

3. No manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poems will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 9, 1927.

7. Besides the winning poems, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

# Art

## Brancusi

IN 1913, when the Armory Show gave to America its first sight of the post-impressionist schools, two men attracted most attention: Marcel Duchamp, the painter of The Nude Descending a Staircase, and Constantin Brancusi, the sculptor of Mademoiselle Pogany. It was not by chance that the two artists were thus singled out for the indignation of the majority and for the enthusiasm of a very few. It is not by chance that they are associated again in the exhibition of Brancusi's work which Duchamp has organized and which is now on view in the Brummer Gallery in New York. As different in temperament and method and result as they are, they represent the same tendency, that of expression by non-realistic means. Indeed they may be taken as the two exponents of the idea who have held to it the most consistently, for Picasso has made several excursions into naturalism, Braque seems completely to have resumed that formula, while Matisse and Derain show each year more clearly that their splendid ideal is bound up with the world of the eyes—their work with abstract forms having been done in a spirit partly of adventure, partly of discipline.

Brancusi's art has become increasingly clear and strong with the passing of the years. His exhibition includes an early work of that Rodinesque type with which the best men of his generation began. Where are the Rodin followers who have held to the type? They exist, by the hundred, as every big Salon shows, but one is at a loss to recall their names; which does not prove that Rodin was bad; the present time is merely different from his. By the very extreme to which he went, he made sure that his true successors should take a different course. What folly it is to see disrespect in the act of an original man! His is the truest homage to the greatness of the past: he has given new testimony to the essentially creative quality of the older artists, for incomplete work alone admits of perfecting; the work of the masters does not.

And so, as rapidly as his medium permitted, Brancusi turned from the indirect methods of the impressionistic generation to that more immediate attaining of the qualities of art which has characterized his own. Instead of a head, a hand, or a leg which, by fineness of observation and force of rendering, goes beyond the anatomical fragment into the realm of the idea, this sculptor by mass and volume gives a sense of largeness, of space, of mystery; by simple and yet infinitely subtle planes he carries you along in his mood of surprise at the unending diversity and harmony of the world. How he loves the good things it has to offer us! Even the most adverse of his critics, when they have some understanding of sculpture, will admit that there is no one equal to Brancusi in the handling of materials: the stone has all the beauty of its grain, the marble is different from it and assumes a more suave accent and gesture, wood is warmer and suggests ideas connected with its growth and fiber; brass, being produced by man, may be used more freely according to his desires—now it flashes, now it is muted by a mat surface, again it becomes a thing almost freed from surface, like a flame which is everywhere and nowhere. And by some magic of his own, Brancusi uses all these qualities at once, and through them gives that affirmation of the greatness of our time which startled so many people in 1913, and has delighted so many people since then.

"And what is to become of the Greeks and Michelangelo? asks a troubled voice. They are not in the slightest danger. I cannot say as much for certain men who are decorating public buildings in various parts of the world with more or less skilful pieces of pseudo-taxidermy. However vehemently these persons claim to represent tradition, they have no letters of recommendation from the masters. And so my guess is as good as another when I say that the great ones on Olympus are enjoying the Brancusi show at this very moment and saying what old Galileo told the men who would have the earth stand still: "E pur si muove."

WALTER PACH

# Drama

## Nodding Homer

THE fable of "Pygmalion" (Guild Theater) is obviously not one calculated to display the most important of Shaw's talents. In the first place this story of a practical phoneticist who made a flower girl into a duchess is (as a lady once said of "The Ancient Mariner") "improbable"; and in the second place it would not be fraught with any very profound significance if it were true. Even Shaw, whom nothing infuriates quite so much as the exculpatory statement "You can't change human nature," would hardly maintain that it can be changed so expeditiously or so completely as is here represented; and even if the play be considered as farce its implied moral—that Susan O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under the skin—can hardly be set down as one of the most original or important of its author's contributions to contemporary thought.

A more than usually irrelevent preface on phonetics affixed to the printed play indicates that it was actually with this subject that he began, and the truth is that Shaw, like many lesser men, has been unable, on occasion, to detach the subject of a work from the thing which happened first to suggest it. Obviously what is done to Eliza Doolittle's soul is more important than what is done to her vocal chords, but the plot is so arranged that the more significant things are only incidentally referred to, while the lesser ones are displayed at full

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length. Shaw, in other words, though he wished to write a comedy which should analyze the meaning of manners, was betrayed into a farce which is often no more than superficial extravaganza.

To say, however, that a play is not Shaw's best is far from saying that it is bad. Even when Homer nods he does not actually snore and "Pygmalion" is always diverting, first, because it is one of the paradoxes of its author's nature that he enjoys clowning almost as much as he enjoys thinking and that his unfailing high spirits are always in evidence; second, because there are in it passages which transcend the general level of the piece and which show how impossible it is for a mind as strong as Shaw's to keep from soaring. Eliza's father is, for example, not strictly necessary to the plot. He is, indeed, a more or less gratuitous addition; and yet this bit of inspired caricature is the finest thing in the whole play and the speech setting forth the advantages and irresponsibilities attendant upon being one of the "undeserving poor" is as brilliant as anything of the kind which Shaw has ever written. So, too, the concluding passages in which the philologist mocks Eliza's ideal of "warm human relations" and caricatures her conception of a passionate lover as one who "spends half his time sniveling over you and the other half giving you black eyes" are intense beyond the real demands of the plot, but they are interesting as constituting one more defense of the author's austere intensity against those who believe that only a certain animality is "human." One has, to be sure, heard these things before and heard them, perhaps, in more appropriate connections, but they are always fresh because they are not the repetition of a formula but outbursts of passionate conviction. Passion is always new as long as it continues to be real.

The Theater Guild has produced the play with all the skill acquired by long experience with Shaw's plays, and in a generally adequate cast two members—Lynn Fontanne and Henry Travers—stand out brilliantly. Mr. Travers has made the various incarnations of Shaw's "true-born Englishman" so completely his own that they are difficult to imagine apart from him, and Miss Fontanne, if not perhaps a powerful actress, has, beside her charm, a vitality which makes most of those essaying similar roles seem feeble. Incidentally it may be remarked that in "Pygmalion" Shaw showed himself a prophet even in minor things. When he made his flapper, mistaking Eliza's calamitous use of "bloody" for a new advance in smart unconventionality, promptly imitate it, he wrote a scene which seemed as startling as Jules Verne. Now, I fancy, English maidens use the word with the sweet unconcern of an American flapper availing herself of that erstwhile tabooed vocable which happens also to begin with "b."

The Provincetown Theater which last season devoted itself chiefly to disastrous experiments in expressionism has now provided its hard benches with cushions and gone in for the Commedia dell' Arte. As its first offering of the season it is presenting a Russian version of "The Princess Turandot" which Carlo Gozzi wrote for an eighteenth-century band of improvisatori. The company has a long way to go before it can equal the somewhat similar efforts of the Neighborhood Playhouse with "The Little Clay Cart," but its high spirits give the air of a lark to the performance and make it good fun.

"The Squall" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) is a determinedly sultry drama setting forth the havoc wrought in a respectable Spanish household when a gipsy dancer plays fast and loose with all the male members. It is not a profound drama but it combines obviously "dramatic" situations with a liberal supply of sex and is probably destined to considerable popularity.

"Old Bill, M. P." (Biltmore Theater) provides for a return of Mr. Coburn in the role of the well-known cartoon character.

"Gay Paree" (Winter Garden) presents little novelty but it does extremely well all the things which revues usually do. "Chic" Sale contributes some excellent character bits.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH


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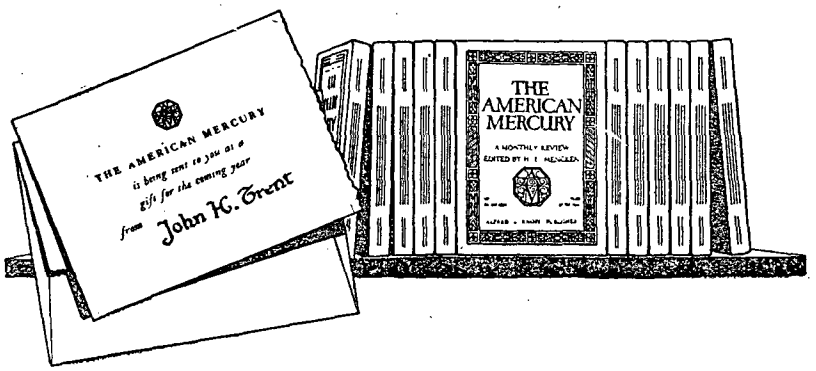


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# International Relations Section

## Mongolia's Constitution

IN accordance with interests of the broad masses of the people as revealed in the Revolution of the Eleventh Year (1921), when the people, revolting, banished the foreign oppressors, and on account of the death, on the seventeenth day of the Fourth Moon, of the Bogdo-Khan Damba Hutukhtu, who, up to that date, had served as chief of the state, the Ministry elected by the revolutionary people has decided:

1. To put the seal of the Bogdo-Khan in the keeping of the Ministry;

2. To introduce a republican form of government, without a president, and to transfer the supreme authority to the Great People's Horaldan and to the Cabinet elected by the latter;

3. To celebrate the anniversary of the Mongolian People's Republic simultaneously with the anniversary of the creation of the Mongolian state on the sixth day of the Sixth Moon of each year;

4. To date the history of the republic by the years of Mongolia's independence instead of by the years of rule of the Bogdo-Khan, counting from this, the Fourteenth Year [1925].[1]

The Great People's Horaldan, today assembled for the first time, confirms these decisions of the Government, and establishes the following basic law of the Mongolian People's Republic. This basic law is to be made public by the central and local authorities and displayed in all public institutions. The Great Horaldan instructs the Government to make the principles of this Constitution part of the instruction in all schools and military units.

### Article I

*Declaration of Rights of the Toiling People of Mongolia*

1. Mongolia is proclaimed an independent people's republic, all authority being vested in the toiling people. The people exercises its supreme authority through the Great People's Horaldan and the Cabinet elected by it.

2. The fundamental task of the Mongolian Republic is to abolish the remnants of the feudal-theocratic regime[2] and to strengthen the foundations of the new republican order by complete democratization of the administration.

3. In order to establish the authority of the people in the administration and to maintain the national order here proclaimed, the following basic principles are established:

*(a)* All land and underground riches, forests, waters and their riches within the territory of the Mongolian People's Republic, in accordance with the existing common usage of Mongolia corresponding to the principles of the established order, are the heritage of all the people; private ownership of such is not permitted, and they are entirely at the disposal of the toiling people;

*(b)* All international agreements and loan obligations concluded by the Mongolian authorities before the Revolution of the Eleventh Year[3], being exacted by force, are considered annulled;

*(c)* Owing to the fact that the indebtedness of private persons and institutions to foreign usurers, which had been incurred in the times of foreign supremacy, on the basis of a pledge of general responsibility, has been a heavy burden on the national economy of the country and on the mass of the people, the decision of the Cabinet adopted in this, the Fourteenth Year, concerning the annulment of the remnants of said indebtedness, and that adopted in the Eleventh Year concerning the repeal of this system of pledges of general responsibility, are confirmed;

*(d)* The economic policy of the country shall be concentrated in the hands of the state and a monopoly of foreign trade established, as one of the conditions for the liberation of the mass of the people and for the assertion of the popular authority;

NOTE: The monopoly of foreign trade is to be introduced gradually.

*(e)* In order to insure the full power of the toiling people and to eliminate the possibility of a restoration of the power of foreign and internal exploiters, the arming of the masses, through the Mongolian National Revolutionary Army and through universal military training of the toiling youth, is confirmed;

*(f)* In order to insure freedom of conscience for the toiling masses, the church is separated from the state, and religion is proclaimed the private affair of each citizen;

*(g)* In order to insure real freedom of expression of opinion, the Mongolian People's Republic shall organize the press and place it at the disposal of the toiling people;

*(h)* In order to insure real freedom of assembly, meetings, processions, etc., the Republic shall place at the disposal of the toiling people for popular gatherings halls with the necessary conveniences and equipment;

*(i)* In order to insure freedom of association for the toiling masses, the Mongolian People's Republic shall give the poor of the country (the *arats* and artisans) every material and other form of assistance for association and organization;

*(j)* In order to insure the privileges of knowledge the Mongolian People's Republic shall make it its task to organize for the toiling masses the fullest, most comprehensive, free education;

*(k)* The Mongolian People's Republic recognizes the equal rights of all its citizens without discrimination as to nationality, religion, or sex;

*(l)* The Mongolian People's Republic, in keeping with the interests of the toiling people, may deprive or limit the rights of separate persons or groups of persons, if they use their rights to the detriment of the Republic;

*(m)* The titles and ranks of the former princes and noblemen, as well as the possessive rights of the Hutukhtus and Hubilkhans are abolished;

*(n)* In view of the fact that the toiling masses all over the world are striving toward the abolishment of capitalism and the achievement of socialism, the People's Republic of the toiling masses is to conduct its foreign policies in accordance with the interests and the basic problems of the revolutionary workers of all the world.

NOTE: The possibility, in accordance with current events, of establishing friendly relations with various foreign Powers is not excluded; but any attack upon the independence of the Mongolian People's Republic must be met with decisive resistance.

### Article II

*The Supreme Organs of Authority*

4. The supreme authority of the Mongolian People's Republic is represented by the Great People's Horaldan[4], when it is out of session by the Small Horaldan; and when the latter is out of session, by its Praesidium and the Cabinet, jointly.

5. The scope of the supreme organs of authority in the Mongolian People's Republic includes:

[1] Mongolia refused to accept the Chinese revolution of 1911 and on December 1 of that year declared its independence.

[2] Mongolia under the old regime was dominated by lama-priests, some of whom held large feudal estates in which virtual slavery was practiced.

[3] In the Eleventh Year (1921) the Government established by bands under Baron Ungern-Sternburg, a White Russian leader, was driven out with the aid of Soviet Russian forces, and the present "People's Government" established in power.

[4] A Horaldan is an assembly.

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*(a)* Representation of the Republic in international relations, the conduct of diplomatic relations, the conclusion of political, commercial, and other treaties with foreign states;

*(b)* Changes in the frontiers of the Mongolian Republic, declaration of war and conclusion of peace, ratification of international agreements;

*(c)* The contracting of foreign and internal loans, payment of interest and capital on such loans, questions of remission or delays of such loans, and the granting of foreign loans;

*(d)* Regulation of foreign trade and of the rules of domestic trade;

*(e)* Elaboration of the plan of the national economy of the Republic; granting, changing, and annulling concessionary monopoly rights;

*(f)* Organization of the transportation and post and telegraph systems;

*(g)* Organization and leadership of the armed forces of the Mongolian Republic;

*(h)* Adoption of the budget of the republic, determination of taxes and revenues;

*(i)* Establishment of the monetary credit system, issue of paper currency, and decisions concerning the minting of coin;

*(j)* Settlement of the general principles for the use of land, as well as determination of the borders of *aimaks* and *hoshuns*,[5] establishment of the rules for the use of the subsoil wealth, forests, and other natural riches;

*(k)* Regulation of judicial organization and procedure, as well as the criminal and civil legislation of the Republic;

*(l)* Institution of the system of public education;

*(m)* Institution of general measures for public health;

*(n)* Establishment of a system of weights and measures;

*(o)* Organization of the statistics of the Republic.

6. Confirmation of and amendment to the basic laws of the Republic are the exclusive province of the Great Horaldan.

*The Great Horaldan*

7. The Great People's Horaldan is composed of the representatives of the *aimaks* and of the urban population, as well as of military units, in proportion to the population of the election districts; the deputies are elected for the term of one year.

NOTE 1. If no convention is held by the *aimak*, representatives shall be sent from the *hoshuns*.

NOTE 2. Elections to the Great Horaldan are conducted on the basis of the rules laid down in the special regulations.

8. Ordinary sessions of the Great Horaldan shall be convened annually by the Small Horaldan.

9. Extra sessions of the Great Horaldan shall be convened by the Small Horaldan either upon its own initiative, or at the demand of one-third of the population of the Republic.

10. The Great Horaldan shall elect the Small Horaldan, with a membership of 30.

11. The Small Horaldan is responsible to the Great Horaldan.

*The Small Horaldan*

12. The Small Horaldan shall issue laws, regulations, and orders, coordinate the work of the highest organs of the Cabinet, and determine the scope of activity of the Praesidium of the Small Horaldan and of the Cabinet, fix the general direction of the activities of the Cabinet, and supervise the execution of the basic laws of the Republic and of the decisions of the Great Horaldan.

13. The Small Horaldan shall assemble at least twice a year.

[5] Outer Mongolia under the old regime was divided into four *aimaks*, each ruled by a Khan and including from 19 to 24 *hoshuns* each.

14. Extraordinary sessions of the Small Horaldan shall be convened upon decision of the Praesidium of the Small Horaldan, upon the recommendation of the Cabinet, or at the demand of one-third of the members of the Small Horaldan.

15. The Small Horaldan, at its sessions, shall elect its Praesidium of five members, the Cabinet, and, in case of need, working committees.

16. The Small Horaldan shall report to the Great Horaldan upon its activities, policies, and special questions.

17. The members of the Small Horaldan shall work in the Praesidium or in other positions as assigned by the Praesidium.

NOTE: Rules and regulations concerning the rights of the members of the Small Horaldan shall be issued by its Praesidium.

*The Praesidium*

18. The Praesidium of the Small Horaldan shall conduct the sessions of the Small Horaldan.

19. The Praesidium shall prepare material for the sessions of the Small Horaldan.

20. The Praesidium shall introduce draft decrees for the consideration of the plenum of the Small Horaldan.

21. The Praesidium shall supervise execution of the decisions of the Small Horaldan.

22. The Praesidium shall direct the activities of the Cabinet in local and other questions, communicate with the corresponding institutions through the Cabinet, or, in important cases, directly.

23. The Praesidium shall decide questions of general and individual amnesty.

24. Between sessions of the Small Horaldan, the Praesidium shall confirm laws and decisions, return for revision or hold up decisions of the Cabinet, referring these to the next plenum of the Small Horaldan, appoint and discharge individual ministers.

25. Questions and conflicts between ministries or complaints against ministries shall be settled by the Praesidium.

26. The Praesidium is responsible to the Small Horaldan and shall report to it on its activities.

*The Cabinet*

27. Within the scope of the Cabinet is the general administration of the affairs of the Mongolian People's Republic. The Cabinet is made up of the Chairman of the Cabinet, the Deputy Chairman, the Chairmen of the Military and Economic Councils, the Commander-in-Chief, the State Comptroller, and the ministers of internal affairs, foreign affairs, military affairs, finances, economy, justice, and education.

28. The Cabinet has charge of the questions enumerated in the special regulations upon the scope of the Cabinet.

*The Economic Council*

29. In order to coordinate all economic measures, the Economic Council of the Mongolian People's Republic is instituted within the Cabinet in accordance with regulations.

ARTICLE III

*Local Self-Government*

30. Local horaldans in *aimaks*, *hoshuns*, *somons*, *bags*, ten-households, and cities are organized on the basis of the local self-government law.

31. For current administrative and economic work the local horaldans elect from among their members the executive organs of the local authorities, for the term of one year.

32. The executive organs are responsible to the local horaldans which elected them.

33. *Aimak-*, *hoshun-*, *bag-*, and ten-household assemblies and their executive organs shall act in accordance with the local self-government law.

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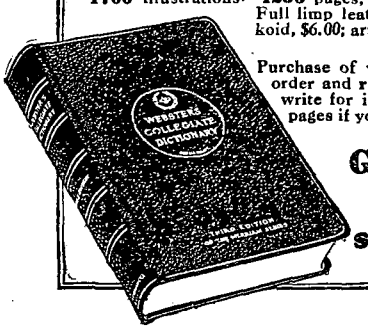

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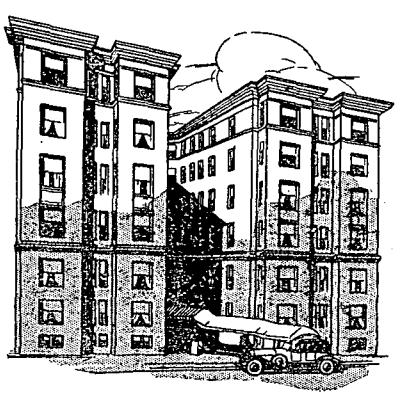

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ARTICLE IV

*The Right to Vote and to Be Elected*

34. The following citizens of the Republic of both sexes, who at the day of elections have attained the age of 18 years, are eligible to vote and to be elected to the horaldans (Great, Small, and Local):

*(a)* Those who support themselves by their own work, or are engaged in work in their own households;

*(b)* Soldiers of the National Revolutionary Army.

35. The following may not vote or be elected:

*(a)* Persons supporting themselves exclusively through the exploitation of other persons for gain;

*(b)* Traders and usurers living on the work of others or on interest from capital and earnings;

*(c)* Former princes, *hutukhtus*, and members of the clergy living in monasteries;

*(d)* Persons recognized as mentally diseased or insane;

*(e)* Persons who have been convicted of vicious or profit-seeking crimes.

36. Elections shall be conducted in accordance with the special law on elections.

[Article V deals with the budget.]

ARTICLE VI

*The State Seal, Coat-of-Arms, and Flag*

47. The seals of the Great Horaldan, of the Cabinet, ministries, and other institutions shall be quadrangular; in the center of the seal the symbol *soyunba* (representing independence) is to be carved, and on the two sides the name of the institution.

48. The national coat-of-arms consists of the symbol *soyunba* with, below it, the figure of the flower *badmalinhova*.[6]

49. The national flag is red, with the coat-of-arms in the middle.

50. The sessions of the Great Horaldan are convened in Ulan-Bator-Khoto[7] (formerly Urga).

This constitution was confirmed at 4:17 on the 30th day of the Tenth Moon of the Mongolian State at the 14th session of the Great Horaldan of the Mongolian People's Republic.

*Chairman of the Horaldan,* DJA-DAMBA
*Deputy Chairman of the Horaldan,* BADARKHO
*Secretaries* GUELEXENGE
DUGARJANTZAN

[6] The *badmalinhova* is a kind of lotus, the sacred flower of Buddhism.
[7] City of the Red Chief (one of Mongolia's epic heroes of the past).

## Contributors to This Issue

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, spent last winter in the Orient.

JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD is a journalist who writes on scientific subjects.

CHARLES NORMAN, a New York poet, is the author of "Tragic Beaches."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is pastor of the Community Church of New York and author of "Patriotism Is Not Enough."

ERNEST F. HENDERSON has made a study of war origins, particularly in connection with Sir Edward Grey.

H. S. VILLARD is a young journalist of the third generation of his name.

MARY ROSS is associate editor of *The Survey*.

WALTER PACH, painter and critic, is author of "The Masters of Modern Art."

*The author of The Making of a Militant is a well-known novelist and writer of short stories.*

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